

**L E T T E R S**  
**ON THE**  
**MANNERS OF THE FRENCH,**  
**AND ON THE**  
**FOLLIES AND EXTRAVAGANCIES**  
**OF THE**  
**T I M E S.**

*Written by an Indian at Paris.*

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Nam et gentibus proprii mores sunt : nec idem in Barbaro, Romano, Græco, probabile est.

QUINT.

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# L E T T E R S

ON THE

MANNERS OF THE FRENCH.

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L E T T E R XLIV.

ZATOR TO SOLIMA.

**T**HE heavens open to me every time  
I receive thy letters. Not even  
the treasures of the East, immense as  
they are, affect my soul like a single  
word written with thy hand. Every time  
I lament our cruel absence I descend  
into my own heart, and there I am

VOL. II.

B

fure

sure of finding thee. It is there that I  
 have made a bed of repose for my So-  
 lima, it is there that she is cherished.  
 Thou complaineſt of my travels, but  
 ought we not to lay by a ſtore of  
 knowledge for our mutual ſubſiſtence  
 when we ſhall be once more united ?  
 I will relate to thee all I have ſeen,  
 and thou wilt be intereſted in the nar-  
 rative. Wilt thou not be pleaſed when  
 I tell thee that Paris is, of itſelf, a  
 world, and wilt thou not rejoice when  
 I undertake to analyze that world, in  
 order to inſtruct thee as to its taſtes,  
 its pleaſures, its follies, its adventures,  
 its vices, its virtues ? when I inform  
 thee of the ridiculous marriages that  
 are

are there celebrated, the silly books that are composed, the singular comedies that are performed ? when I give thee a just idea of the method in which youth are educated, of the fashions that change every hour, of the whims that are continually springing up, to their own ruin and the ruin of others ? These histories, whose sources are inexhaustible will be tragic as well as comic : sometimes they will excite thy tears, and sometimes thy smiles. I will instruct thee in events which are at present unknown through the vast track of India. So extraordinary will my narratives appear, that thou wilt believe them to be either

dreams or fables ; and yet I swear before-hand, by the holy Alcoran, that they are founded in truth. No people can create pleasant adventures so well as the French. None but they can sing in the bosom of misfortune, and almost render sorrow agreeable ; ---none but they can make even their faults appear amiable.

When Heaven shall be pleased to unite us, I shall have an incredible number of stories to relate and to read to thee. Without them what would be our conversation ? The charms of familiar discourse are not possessed by Indians that have neither trafficked nor travelled.



May you all be united in peace, and may there be among you but one heart, one soul, and one mind. Make the slaves tremble, by telling them that I shall be terrible at my return if they dare to slight your commands---Adieu ---I am going to read a new book, which is said to be profoundly written.



## LETTER XLV.

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TO GLAZIR.

**FRANCE** is actually in a most alarming crisis with regard to ready money; and this is often the case with the most flourishing empires. Relying too much upon their strength, they find themselves insensibly overwhelmed with debt. But where there are immense possessions, there are great resources; and I have thought of one in particular, by means of which I could procure a seat among

among the ministry, if I were addicted to enterprize. I communicated it, lately, to a financier—"It is beyond a doubt, Monsieur, said I, that among twenty-four millions of inhabitants, the kingdom contains at least three hundred thousand misers. The greater part of these do not spend one eighth part of their income; by seizing, therefore, what they keep in reserve, you would neither diminish their subsistence, nor alter their manner of living. I would have an exact list taken of these singular men, who should be classed agreeably to their wealth, which might be ascertained without much difficulty. A person, for instance,

whose revenue is four score thousand livres, and who spends but six thousand, should retain the latter sum, and be obliged to forget the remainder. His heirs would not be injured, because the principal would still remain untouched."

By means of this plan, a considerable sum might be collected, which would come opportunely enough to the relief of the state. It is hardly credible how avarice is increased, and to what an excess it is carried. I have been assured that a man exceedingly rich, who occupied apartments in the house of a tradesman, with whom he lived in habits

bits

bits of friendship, descended; every morning, into the kitchen, under colour of speaking to the cook; but no sooner was his back turned than, with a syringe which he had ordered to be made in the form of a walking-cane, he dextrously stole a sufficient quantity of soup for his breakfast, which he always ate in private.

Ecclesiastics are particularly attached to this sordid vice : as if God were inclined to punish them for holding benefices against his will. Let us return thanks to our prophet for preserving us from this dreadful wickedness. If men really understood their



own interests, both with respect to this world and the next, they would exercise themselves in act of beneficence. The very virtues of the avaricious man are held in derision, while the vices of him who gives with a smiling countenance, are excused. If the great really wish to follow their own inclinations with impunity, said a wise man, a few days ago, let them scatter liberalities.

A woman lately died in this city who had been a beggar all her lifetime. She had desired with much earnestness that she might be interred in a tattered dress which she particularised, and which, on being produced was  
found



found to be exceedingly weighty. It was examined, unfewed, in short----- it was lined with gold !

The unhappy wretch had indulged a wish that her money might accompany her to her coffin ; and, what was still more shocking, she had been ranked among the poor, and had eaten of their bread.

I have not strength to tell thee more. My heart trembles at the idea,—my senses are frozen ! Adieu.

## LETTER XLVI.

## TO GLAZIR.

THOU askest me what is that which is called at Paris *L'esprit du jour*. To satisfy thee is no difficult matter. It is a sort of wit that attempts to brighten ideas, and which, like a will o'the wisp, glances upon things almost without touching them; or rather, it is like those sparks that dazzle for a moment and then disperse, leaving no track behind.

Some

Some authors have compared it to the spray of the sea, which rises in the air, and falls in a manner almost imperceptible. Others have likened it to the flight of a butterfly, that ranges from flower to flower, without adhering to the one or the other. This wit is the scourge of learned men, and the torment of society. It has no tendency to serious matters. Should it attempt to discuss, it touches them but slightly, or gets clear of them by a pun which is substituted for argument. It is pleased with fashionable conversations, particularly among the ladies; because it can amuse them with trifles and flattery. Having no foundation it is soon exhausted,

exhausted, but it has the art of repeating the same thing, so as to make it appear different. In the morning it is employed in filching thoughts from ingenious books, and these very thoughts it appropriates to itself in the afternoon. It is called *L'esprit du jour* because it changes according to the fashions,—in short, it is a weather-cock that turns with every wind.

A pleasant author lately made a dialogue between Good Sense and *L'Esprit du Jour*, in which they strenuously contended for their respective rights. It was dedicated to a countess who, when the work was presented to her, tore it  
into



into a thousand pieces. “ Good sense, said she, rendered the society of my father and mother so heavy and melancholy that they both died without ever having laughed. This was the more to be lamented because we are not sure that we shall laugh in the other world; and without doubt we ought to take the surest side.”

Thou wilt see by this specimen that she was an amiable fool——Adieu.

LET.



## LETTER XLVII.

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TO GLAZIR.

**YESTERDAY**, while I was seated on the banks of the *Seine*—a river that may well be proud of watering the finest city in the world—I reflected on the multitude of events that have occurred since it first glided majestically along. Its waves, said I to myself, are images of the different reigns that have sometimes tormented France, and at other times rejoiced her. Those,  
like

like inundations, occasioned nothing but ruin and devastation; these, like vivifying waters fertilized the soil.

I observed with an attentive eye, those little whirlpools that were formed in an instant and hurried away by the stream, without leaving any trace to shew where they had been. This moving picture warned me of the rapidity of our years, which pass on till they are lost in the gulph of eternity, in the same manner as rivers precipitate themselves into the sea.

Whence comes time, that insensibly destroys us? Whither does it return?

Exhausting

Exhausting itself imperceptibly, and renewing its existence in similar way, it remains a mystery that we cannot unfold. The new century that advances is nearer to us than yesterday :—the one will exist, the other is no more. I never hear the clock strike without regarding the stroke as a diminution of myself. “ Another hour is taken from my life ! ” I sorrowfully cry. At length, however, I console myself by reflecting that, through good works and useful books, we may, in our turn, snatch something back from time, that robs us of our all. He wears away mighty rocks, said one of our philosophers, but he is able to consume neither our  
soul

soul nor our virtue. I may say the same with regard to my friendship. I defy him to make the least breach in it, notwithstanding all his subterfuge and evasion. Friendship is unchangeable because, unlike love, it depends neither on beauty, that fades, on fortune, that varies, nor on youth, that quickly passes away.

**LET**

## L E T T E R XLVIII.

---

 T O G L A Z I R .

**W**HAT gentleness ! what good-nature ! what loveliness !—These were the exclamations I made, in quitting a charming woman with whom I had passed several days in the country. Her disposition, pleasant as her gardens which left no sense ungratified, diffused through the family an air of cheerfulness that pervaded every bosom. Her  
 ness



gaiety was reflected even upon the countenances of her domestics.

I was ruminating, in a retired walk, upon the good effects that flow from the example of an amiable woman, engaged in acts of philanthropy, when the master of the house accidentally joined me. My first care being to extol the charms of his lady, he interrupted me as follows.—“ During the first years of my marriage I found myself the most wretched of beings. I chose a wife, well born, exceedingly rich, and beautiful as the star of the morning. Still I should have perished with

with grief had not heaven been compassionate."-----

"A fit of sickness, said I, was on the point of snatching her from your bosom?"

"No such thing. Her beautiful figure had turned her brain, and caprice had rendered her insupportable. She had a thousand idle whims, particularly that of returning no answer to those who spoke to her, of paying no regard to her husband, of remaining, frequently, three days together without speaking to him:----in short, abounding in pride and disdain, she acted the  
fine

fine lady, and every body around her murmured. I complained of her beauty, and earnestly wished she might be deprived of it ; more especially as she had an excellent heart. My prayer was granted. The small-pox came to my relief, and hacked, almost into piece-meal, that fine face which I had formerly adored. A single glance into her looking-glass evinced that her charms were no more ! During the first few days of this crisis, she was overwhelmed with tears, which at length subsided, and reason came to console her. A pleasing affability succeeded to those haughty and disdainful airs that had before been insupportable.

able. This was the only expedient by which she could now render herself amiable, and she hastened to put it into practice. This happy metamorphosis was soon made known to my neighbours, who, under the pretext of business, paid me a visit for the purpose of seeing my once beautiful wife. "It is not she, said they, but an arrogant woman humbled, which is a miracle."

"Heaven, said she to me, one day, has punished me for my pride and ingratitude. I have neglected that duty and respect which I owed to you as a husband, in a thousand different instances. At length, however, warned  
by



by the best lesson that I could possibly receive, I am become as modest and unassuming, as I was once insolent and presumptuous. My remonstrances and seditions have ceased with my beauty, which is fled, and from this moment I rest my reputation upon my character. You will find me always the same, and every body shall say, “ If she is not handsome at least she is agreeable.”

“ He added that, since the accident, he had been, as it were, in heaven ; that his house had assumed an air of gaiety and pleasantness ; that it was visited with pleasure and left with regret ; and that his lady received more ho-

riage than when her beauty made her arrogant."

A fine woman in Paris is almost always the torment of her husband, either by the jealousy she occasions, or by the caprice that she obliges him to endure. Her toilet alone is sufficient to drive the most phlegmatic man to distraction. *Madame* is never ready either to take an airing or to dine; and *Monsieur* is forced to wait, and kick his heels like a servant in livery. Nay—he must excuse all this indignity with a smile lest he should be severely scolded.

We

We should be wretched indeed were our wives to take upon themselves such airs of consequence. We, who perhaps reign over them with too much severity.

Women of quality, that marry tradesmen for their wealth, are another sort of scourge to their husbands. Besides the shame they have to appear in their company, they affect to mortify them by the most intolerable manners. One of these, in order to thank her husband for the immense fortune with which he had enriched her, said to the good man, a few moments before she was delivered, in the presence of half the family,

“ This is suffering too much, merely to bring a plebeian into the world !” But mark the reverse,-----A man who came from the very dregs of the people, but who possessed millions, married a German princess, hoping by this manœuvre, to raise his reputation. He was quickly afterwards held in the most sovereign contempt ; but he found means to retaliate. Whenever the princess expatiated on the genealogy of her ancestors, he covered the table with pieces of gold, and while he counted them, exclaimed, “ This is my father, this is my grandfather, this is my great grandfather, and this is my great grandfather’s grandfather.” The princess



princess was presently softened, and eagerly sought the acquaintance of such useful relations !

May thy grey hairs be preserved in sublimity.—Adieu !

C 3

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

---

TO GLAZIR.

**No**-----thou wilt never believe it!  
 What an original adventure! Thou  
 shouldst be at Paris, where ca-  
 prices, imaginations, and singular  
 tastes, turn people's brains in a most  
 ridiculous manner,-----thou shouldst  
 be here, I say, in order to hear what I  
 have heard, and see what I have seen.  
 I will give thee an age to guess, and  
 thou wilt be still in the dark. Once  
 more,

more, what an original adventure ! Does it proceed from the Gauls, the Druids, or the French ? A problem difficult to be solved ! I am perhaps the only person in the world to whom such an accident hath happened. I dare not relate it !---In the eighteenth century, in the most enlightened city in the world ! what a subject !---Thus much, however, is certain : some things are true that are not probable. How could such a thought enter the imagination of a woman ? Listen, and lose not a word of the story.

An overgrown lackey presents himself to my view, gives me a letter, with

a mysterious air, and informs me that he will return at six o'clock in the evening for an answer. It is now about eight in the morning, and I read as follows :

“ Although a woman of the highest quality, and most unbounded riches, I shall be the most unhappy wretch existing if you refuse to attend me at six o'clock this evening. I conjure you to grant me this favour. The trouble of my soul requires your assistance, and my heart strenuously desires it. Till I behold your face, I shall continue in the most dreadful agitation ; if therefore you are willing that  
I should



I should live, deny me not an interview. Adieu---Prepare to accomplish my happiness and repose; and remember that if you were not an Indian, you would not have my confidence. There is but one man of your nation whom I can trust, and who is capable of fulfilling my desires."

Shall I go? Shall I not go? Is she a fool? Is she a philosopher? Is it love? Is it curiosity? Is it a courteous invitation? Is it an ambuscade? These were the thoughts by which I was actuated till the appointed hour. At length the lackey comes in search

of me, and I depart.-----Every moment, I am ready to return, yet still I advance. I am introduced into a vast mansion by a little door, which is instantly shut, and I see the face of no human being. I mount enormous staircases; I pass through immense apartments. At last I begin to descend. There is no end to my journey, yet still I proceed, enfeebled with terror! A voice cries out, "Continue to descend, and you will soon arrive at the destined spot."-----I follow my route till day-light begins to retire. I now stand still.....uncertain what to do! \* \* \* \* \*

I resume

I resume my courage, and proceed till I find myself in a kind of chapel where I see the most frightful figures painted on the walls. I pass on to other apartments. The roaring of a cascade that rushes headlong into a grotto, makes me tremble with apprehension.

I will confess to thee that I now heartily repented of my imprudence. My boldness of spirit, however, soon returned, and I said to myself "After all, what misfortune can befall me? Death?—Well! if it were not to come to-day it would come to-morrow; and a subject of Hyder Alli, of

Tippoo Sultan, was never born to die a coward."

A door now opens, but still I see nothing. At last, a black man, huge even to deformity, and not unlike those hellish beings that we see painted in pictures, advances and beckons me to approach, without speaking a single syllable. A female, whose hair is dishevelled, and who is about fifty years of age, now appears, and cries with a loud voice "In the name of the Eternal, and under the sign of the infernal spirits that obey his commands, thou art welcome."

The



The place was dark and horrible, and no one was present except this singular woman, and black man. They desired me to place myself between them, and I sat down, crying with a turbulent tone "Were I not an Indian, I should doubtless be affrighted at these preparations; but, with the same sabre that formerly cut the Marhattas into a thousand pieces, and severed the heads of Englishmen from their bodies, I will defend my life, or sell my blood at a high price."

"God forbid that we should have murderous designs, said the female, softening her voice, there were never  
any

any combats in this place, but those of infernal and celestial spirits, that wrestle with each other, and produce most wonderful scenes. Although I have the strongest desire to see them, I have never succeeded in my design; and it is this that gives me torment. If we have caused you to pass through gloomy defiles, by which you may have been terrified, it was because we were apprehensive of the officers of the police. The moment any thing extraordinary happens in a house, these people seize its inhabitants, and conduct them to a prison, from which, perhaps, they never escape.—You must know that I have been devoted to the study of  
necromancy

necromancy ever since I was twenty years old; and that it was an aunt of mine, who could converse with demons, that instructed me in the science. Soon after her decease, I lost my husband, and from that moment fortune, honours, pleasures, beauty,—in a word, all allurements were incapable of occupying my attention. I have had the good fortune to see the most eminent magicians in these apartments, although our science is not so much in fashion as formerly. Levity and dissipation have at length banished all studies but such as are superficial; and every thing that has a tendency to the marvellous passes for a chimera. Un-

willing

willing to take the trouble of going to the bottom, we slightly glance upon the most extraordinary subjects: even animal magnetism is laughed to scorn; and we daily grow in ignorance.---The stranger whom you see is an African, well known in the societies of cabalists, Rosicrucians, and necromancers. He has communicated to me the most sublime intelligence. It was he who told me, illustrious foreigner, that you were an Indian, perfectly conversant in these affairs; and as I am well informed that your countrymen have always corresponded with the powers of darkness, of which powers Saint Paul himself speaks, who was one of the first teachers



ers of christianity; I conjure you, in the most serious manner, to instruct me in the method of raising those infernal beings. This is my sole desire,---my only passion; and in order to gratify it, I would give my right arm, and my entire fortune. I have actually thirty persons in my subterraneous apartments, who are labouring in search of universal medicine, and who, by their extraordinary activity and illumination of mind, are on the point of finding it; but they have not the art of conjuring up tartarean spirits. If I could once grow familiar with one of these, I should learn the profoundest secrets, such as rendering myself invisible,

finding

finding myself in various places at the same time, and others of the like kind."

I should have taken this woman for a lunatic, if she had not astonished me by her extraordinary knowledge, and if her conversation had not been perfectly consistent. It would be a difficult matter to find more science, or more understanding.

I contented myself with replying that those Indians that were still barbarians continued to pay their respects to demons, who I believed had never made them any recompense for their adulation: that it was with these beings

as

as with oracles, whose tricks were, at present, sufficiently known and understood. I added that violent passions were the only demons with which I was acquainted; and that if the angels of darkness revealed themselves to mankind, it was only for the purpose of suggesting evil thoughts. I observed, moreover, that as the alcoran agreed with the gospel upon this point, it appeared that infernal spirits were not fabulous; but that it was still impossible to determine the degree of influence that they had over us. She proceeded to give me a learned dissertation on the different descriptions of demons that had been spoken of in all countries,

countries, since the beginning of the world. She even repeated their names without hesitation, and shewed me the characters that expressed them, in Turkish, Arabian, and Egyptian books. The black man heaved, from time to time, the deepest sighs, because the moment was not arrived in which he should be at liberty to converse with devils.

I concluded by telling our illustrious adept that I was much surprised that she had not made the desired discovery: that her imagination having been so long affected by such objects, it was really wonderful that she had not seen  
phantoms



phantoms of every kind, in her dreams, and taken them for realities.

Would you believe it ! She spoke of the ramblings of the *imagination* as if she had been the most phlegmatic person living, deploring with bitterness, the fate of those who were its victims, and felicitating herself for having always kept *hers* with just bounds.

The only light we had was now suddenly extinguished, and our two personages began to howl most terribly, in hopes that the demons would appear. They were answered from the hollow

hollow caverns underneath, and I shuddered with apprehension.

Silence and light at last returned, and after a pause of several minutes they desired me not to be alarmed. "Morning and night, said they, we repeat the same cries and lamentations, agreeably to the advice of a Calabrian philosopher, who told us that this method had often succeeded."

I thought only of regaining my lodgings. At length they rang the bell, desiring me to acquaint no one living with the adventure, and assuring me  
that

that there were many women of quality that made the same evocations, and that were tormented with the same curiosity. An old woman who had the air of a sibyl, now appeared, with a black cat under her arm : she kindled a sort of rush-light, with which she conducted me slowly across those immense halls, that I had before passed through, till we arrived at the little door, which immediately opened ; and the same domestic that had brought me the letter, conducted me to my lodgings, without answering a single word to the different questions that I brought forward.

I returned,

I returned, the next day, in hopes of finding the street and house: but this was impossible, insomuch that, if I had not rubbed my eyes, I should have believed I was dreaming.

A few days afterwards I was informed that there were more than ever of these maniacs in Paris, who abandoned themselves to such illusions, and who, if it were possible, would revive the ages in which ghosts were in fashion, and the nocturnal meetings of witches regularly frequented. It is not a little extraordinary that phantoms of the like kind have gained credit in all times and in all countries. The ancients  
called



called them *Lemures*, which evinces that the soul was ever supposed to be immortal.

If I had the faculty of conjuring, I would raise neither ghosts nor devils, but I would summon thee to appear instantly in the place where I am now writing. Adieu.

## LETTER L.

## TO GLAZIR.

TO such a degree have I been affected by the subject of my last letter, that this will contain nothing but tales of demons and of darkness. Even savages and Hottentots, notwithstanding the poverty of their imaginations, are fully persuaded that the dead return, and and that their rambling ghosts are seen to walk the earth.

As

As to the more polished nations, their writings abound in tales of this kind :—tales that gained credit with the Greeks as well as among the Romans. Pliny the younger tells us in his letters that a house in Athens was so notorious for the harbouring of spirits that no person dared to sleep within its walls ; that Athenodorus, a philosopher, who was a man of courage, ventured, at length, to take possession of the haunted fabrick ; and that while he was writing in the dead of night, an apparition appeared, and, by expressive signs, invited the philosopher to follow it. He adds that Athenodorus quitted his studies, and walked after

the phantom, which took the philosopher's lamp and, shaking its chains, descended into a court-yard where, having struck the ground several times with its foot, it disappeared. Athenodorus, always master of himself, was unappalled. He marked the place, withdrew to his bed-chamber, and slept quietly till the following morning; when, having caused some earth to be removed, he found a skeleton, on which he bestowed the rites of sepulture.

Such is the story of Pliny, who concludes by telling us that after that time no noise was ever heard. The ancients believed that souls wandered about the  
bodies



bodies they had inhabited in case the latter were deprived of burial, or miserably interred. Authors have exhausted almost every subject, and after having given us such a collection of silly publications, I am astonished that they have not written a regular treatise on hobgoblins. Neither the spectra of *Du Loyer*, the works of *Langlet du Fresnoy*, nor the history of vampirism by *Don Calmet* should be omitted in a work of this kind, which would infallibly please. Even fine ladies, although they are particularly subject to the impressions of fear, would read it with the utmost ardour of inclination; for fine ladies are ever fond of the mar-

vellous. It is impossible indeed that so many different nations should entertain but one opinion upon this subject if it were void of all foundation. Thou knowest that there are many among us who pretend to have seen apparitions. I shall never forget the lamentable history of the unfortunate Khai, who, while she was with her companions and her children, was suddenly smitten by a phantom, that predicted the hour of her death, and impressed her forehead with a mark that could never be obliterated. We have both seen this mark, which was exceedingly black, and had the appearance of an hieroglyphick. She

carried

carried it to her grave, for her death fell out exactly as the spectre had foretold. Nor was this the effect of imagination. Her brother and children have told me, a thousand times, that they clearly saw the horrible apparition; that it had the appearance of a giant, and spoke in a most frightful tone of voice. We Indians are not easily affrighted; but it must be acknowledged, there are many in the world that would have expired with terror. The phantom was supposed to be the shade of a man whom this woman had caused to be assassinated.

But I will now quit the subject of demonology, in order to divert thee with a pleasant history. A jealous man, in this city, had wagered a considerable sum with his wife, that, with all her cunning, she could not admit a single visitor into his house, without his knowledge. One evening he was told that a farmer, who was one of his tenants, desired permission, as it grew late, to put his horse into the stable. The gentleman takes his spying glass, looks out of the window, and perceives only the horse, and the countryman holding his bridle. He himself gives him the key, desiring him to return it

as



as soon as he has relocked the door. All is safe,——he remains at the window till he is convinced that the farmer is withdrawn, whom he wishes a good evening.——This was the second edition of the Trojan horse: for it concealed a charming military officer, who sallied forth, armed from head to foot, stormed the lady's chamber, passed the night in her arms, and, when morning arrived, bid good morrow to the husband, who was obliged to pay the stipulated sum. Nay, he was even compelled to open the door for the man that had treated him so scurvily. He excused himself by saying that he was not fearful of a sword,

but that the adventurer, without doubt, had pistols besides; and that no courage whatever could withstand such united force. The wife made her escape, the same day, and the poor husband is become the laughing stock of the street in which he resides.

The tragic is often mingled, here, with the comic; otherwise this city would be insupportable.

LET.

## LETTER LI.

## TO GLAZIR.

IF our histories of India were faithfully rendered, the translations of them would be excellent; particularly as they would contain the most extraordinary adventures with regard to demonology. It appears by the ancients that the devil formerly took great pleasure in shewing himself: but, either this whim has now left him, or else he has chosen other countries for the scenes of his excursions.

sions. As he is now grown old, who knows if he has not lost the use of his legs, more especially as he has been a great traveller?

There is one passage in our demoniacal history which is comical enough. It is said that nothing can be more pleasant than the stratagem he makes use of, to procure himself a body, when he is forced to make a journey. He repairs to the houses of men that are buried in profound sleep. From one he takes a leg, from another an arm, which he fixes in their proper places,—in short, he proceeds, till he has fabricated all the members, necessary to  
the



the composition of a complete figure. We are assured that notwithstanding he is generally careful to bring back what he has borrowed, before the persons are awakened, it happened, one morning, that he did not return till a man, who found himself without an arm had begun to swear like a pagan. The arm was thrown on the bed ; it replaced itself by a convulsive motion, and occasioned the death of the wife, who expired through horror ! The same story informs us that the lassitude we feel while we are rising is produced by the same means.

Every

Every country, my friend, has its tales, its fables, its superstitions. But I would not speak this too loudly, for there are people, here, that are firmly persuaded of the empire of demons.

I have seen thy slaves. They speak of thee with tears in their eyes, so much are they afflicted by thy absence. What a horrid word !

LET-

## LETTER LII.

---

TO GLAZIR.

**T**HERE are men, here, that are unworthy to live in the capital of France. They ought to be sent into exile, among leopards and tigers.—I mean those gentry who have a great deal of wit, but no soul ; and who create infinitely more mischief than any other class of beings. Their insinuating address conducts them to the foot of the throne, where they usurp places, which they sustain only through

through subtilty and despotism. They are by turns stock-brokers, usurers, and impostors. Sometimes they are cringing and servile, at other times daring and arrogant : in fact they play every possible part, but that of men of honour. Pity it is that their villainy were not concentrated in themselves ; instead of which, they coalesce with the vilest subalterns, excusing themselves to those who reproach them on this account, by saying that their profession stands in need of such recruits. In one respect, however, the times are happily changed. These people were, formerly, complimented with dedicatory epistles ; now they are flattered only



only in pamphlets. They are scourged without the least risk to the man that dares to inflict the punishment; and, if this does not reclaim them, at least, it keeps their successors within due bounds.

There are persons in this city that make excellent observations on the state of the nation; but unfortunately they live unknown. I meet them every where, listen to them with delight, and am most pleased with them because they are not sticklers against the government. I was lately at the *Thuilleries*; and one of the terraces was filled with politicians of this description,

description, that took refreshments in the open air. There was among them, however, a man who, terribly enraged against the age, against Paris, against the court, and against himself, was giving a loose to the most violent invectives. He foamed at the mouth like a venomous animal, railing most vehemently, and at random, against every thing that was respectable, without regard to persons. People left him, terrified at his conversation, and returned, charmed by his wit. But what kind of wit?—"If it were to fall, said a stranger, I would not stoop to pick it up."—

Our supposed patriot continued to make use of insolent and reproachful language; and his auditors clapped their hands, without even hearing what he said. I made my way to him through the throng, and was informed that Europe, at present, does not possess common sense; that she ought to be new modelled, or, at least differently bestowed; that Poland should unite with Prussia, in order to gain her ancient possessions, binding herself to furnish fifty thousand effective men, in every case of emergency; and that, with the alliance of the Turk, she would stand in fear neither of Austria nor Russia; that, moreover, the throne of Poland

might

might be secured to the king of Prussia's son : and that France might gain possession of the low countries, by giving Corsica to the emperor.

By this time, so many people had gathered round us that, to be more at my ease, I stole away. There are continually little spectacles of this kind, which recreate idle people, and engage the attention of politicians. They cost nothing ; and those who seek to kill time, though in fact time kills them, are agreeably amused, and return home more contented with their day's work than if they had really administered relief to their country.

L E T.



## LETTER LII.

---

To GLAZIER.

**FORMERLY** a young man waited till he was five and twenty years old, before he mingled with society. At present, he begins to play his part on the stage of life, ere he is fifteen;—and at so early an age, he speaks and determines with confidence. This custom, although not dangerous to a young man whose manners are already formed, is infinitely so to an inexperienced youth,

youth, who is always desirous of imitating those grown persons with whom he associates. A fondness for gaming, the love of superfluous expence, and a passion for women are his constituent principles. Instead of listening to advice, he now gives it; nor will he obey his parents because he is told that such conduct is Gothic.

A lady of distinction who wishes me to take one of her sons to India, the other day told me her grievances. “ I know very well, said she, that youth will pay a tribute to folly; and that it is impossible, before we arrive at the age of twenty years, not to commit  
some

some act of imprudence. This mania is the small-pox of the mind, and we ought to draw a sponge across such errors when they are not accompanied by unworthiness."

I have indeed remarked that the effervescence of youth ought to be checked; but that if it be entirely smothered the worst effects will follow. We are sufficiently happy if these little follies leave us with our youthful days, instead of adhering to us till we reach the very edge of the tomb. What can be more ridiculous than an old man who, dressed like the gaudy butterfly, repeats amorous discourses to young women?

women ? He is hissed in the very moment when he expects applause. These beings, however, are exceedingly numerous in Paris, insomuch that half the prostitutes that walk the streets, subsist upon their infamous bounty. They neglect their wives, their children, their families,—they pursue their licentious pleasures in broad day-light, and spin out their debaucheries to the last moment of their existence. I shudder at the idea !—This is making a flower-garden out of a church-yard. Did they know how they are ridiculed by the very wretches that appear to adore them, they would start back with astonishment.

“ What



“What a charming nosegay to be presented with, said a woman of easy virtue to her companions, is a shrivelled skin, a fallow complexion, a gloomy eye, and an infected breath! I had rather care for an Egyptian mummy, which, at least, does not exhale such offensive odours.” This discourse, which I overheard, word for word, would have cured me for ever of the folly of attempting to appear young, if I had been really in years. But, after all, where is the man, or the woman, on earth, that professes to grow old? Adieu.

**LETTER LIV.**

---

**PALMYRA to ZATOR.**

**I COULD** willingly break all the  
 dials,---for I despair of ever seeing the  
 hour that will bring thee to my arms.  
 The hand turns and returns incessantly,  
 but the adorable Zator does not yet  
 appear! Were a day fixed, when I  
 might certainly see the object of my  
 love, I would be consoled; but this  
 incertitude seems to have the length of  
 a whole eternity.

I have

I have received thy letter, but it is a dead letter, notwithstanding the heat of thy expressions.---Alas ! there is no animation in a written paper ! Fancy and illusion ought to unite for the purpose of inspiring it with the symptoms of life.

Peace hath reigned among us ever since thy commands arrived ; but how insipid and spiritless is such a peace, when it is not maintained by thy presence ! Thou forgettest that I am not merely a wife, but a lover ; and that my breath invokes and calls upon thee every time it is respired. The ladies of Paris may be as beautiful and ac-

complished as they please ; but you will not find one among them that surpasses me in sentiment. Every evening I read thy letters with the rest of thy wives. This is indeed a poor consolation, but still it is some little alleviation of our misery.

Our ambassadors continue, without doubt, to render thy situation agreeable. I presume that thou knowest them ; and that they are acquainted with thy merit.

Thy children, every morning, lift their little hands towards heaven, in hopes that *their* innocence will insure

*thee*



*thee* its benedictions. For me, I fear I am not sufficiently pure to obtain such favours. I commend thee to our great prophet ; and thou canst not have a better protector.-----A thousand kisses !-----A thousand adieus ! ---I join them all in this letter, which I have extracted from my very heart, and which I would write with my blood, were it possible to preserve its heat.

Be watchful over thy slaves. Travel-  
ling is dangerous to the health and  
manners of youth.

## LETTER LV.

## TO GLAZIR.

**I** HAVE lately visited the colleges. The re-union of these different schools has formed what is called here an university. Theology, phyfic, the sciences, and the laws, are the objects of study; and the students acquire various appellations of honour, according to the progress they make in these literary employments. Such encouragements

are

are absolutely necessary, to provoke emulation.

The scholars are exceedingly numerous, and they were once formidable on two accounts. First because they studied to a more advanced age; and youth was then more robust and better formed. Secondly because, the police being more neglected, than at present, it was no difficult matter to excite commotions. Paris would be a dangerous and dreadful place did not the severity of the laws and of magistrates, keep the multitude within due bounds. By creating terror they enchain the passions, and the citizen sleeps in tranquillity

quillity with no ramparts between him and the public, except glass windows. Both horse and foot soldiers are distributed through the different quarters, and, at a moment's notice, collect themselves together, to prevent insurrections. I lately witnessed an effervescence of the populace, which was stopped in an instant :—Each person returned to his duty, and a dead calm succeeded to a most dreadful tempest, that seemed ready to burst forth. A hundred years ago, as we learn from tradition, a man could not quit his house, during the night, without trembling. At present night, in Paris, is another day, such a brilliant light is scattered



scattered through the streets. Many accidents, however, have lately been occasioned by carriages, whose ridiculous elevation renders them more dangerous than ever. Scarcely a day passes in which somebody or other is not mangled or crushed to pieces by a wheel. Perhaps, as fashions are hourly growing more refined, we shall soon see these coaches, like the cars of goddesses, drawn by turtles and sparrows. It must be acknowledged that this would be an admirable improvement.

I have received no letter from Urta-bek. Without doubt he is wandering upon the ocean, whither his business

and curiosity have conducted him,  
and mixing the useful with the agree-  
able, which is certainly the best me-  
thod of travelling.

LET-

**LETTER LVI**

---

**TO GLAZIR.**

**I DINED**, to-day, with our ambassad-  
ors, who depart not from the law  
prescribed by our prophet, although  
they are in the midst of a city where  
people are far from being scrupulous  
in the article of religion.

It is said that the christian dervises  
are not much more zealous than men  
of the world; and that, whilst our

reverend pastors, like automaton, appear to be deprived of all sensation, theirs have a language of the eyes which they use on all occasions.

Two Italian travellers made me a proposal, some time ago, to visit a monastery about thirty leagues from Paris, where, as they informed me, there are hermits that never speak. I thanked them with all my heart, assuring them at the same time, that I had much rather pay a visit to persons that could entertain me with pleasant conversation. If we are edified by remaining silent, statues must, in course, be amazingly learned ! Surely this is to pervert the design



design of the divine legislator, who commands us to speak wisely. It appears by such singularities as if they tacitly condemned him for giving us tongues ! But men are always in extremes.—

Let us suppose, for a moment, that every one, in order to arrive at the highest point of perfection, were to condemn himself to silence. What confusion would follow !—Men would become as the wild beasts of the forest ; and there would be neither commerce, nor science, nor society. The best proof of our being born for the purpose of speaking is, that we have the faculty  
of

of speech. But the superior of a convent must be infinitely more at his ease when the monks are not allowed to speak; and it is my firm opinion that almost all the introducers of perpetual silence have had this object in view. A dervise himself, whom I lately accosted, one indeed that belongs to a speaking order, told me, according to *Fleury*, that the majority of founders had taken singularity for their guide; and that their absurd customs and habits seemed to have no other original.

We were insensibly led into various arguments; and, during our walk, he conducted me to his garden. I freely told

told him what I heard every day, respecting the delicious life of monks, and the immense riches they possessed. He proved to me that their manner of living was extremely frugal; and that, notwithstanding their pretended riches, they did not really enjoy the common necessaries of life.

“That voracious man, said he, that is appointed to devour us, makes us, grow terribly lean, while he himself fattens on our substance; and it is in consequence of having unfortunately called our houses abbeys, that we are so badly arranged. But commendatory

mendatory abbots, who are always quarrelsome, are our greatest enemies. When I see them in their coaches, I conjecture within myself whither such a course will carry them; and I tremble lest, at the end of their journey, they should be tumbled headlong—you know where!—We are also much embarrassed, he continued, with regard to worldlings. If we treat them handsomely they accuse us, at their departure, with living like epicures; if, on the contrary, we receive them ordinarily, they declaim against our avarice, and complain loudly of their bad reception.”

I asked



I asked him if it were true that they wished to gain their liberty, and to be sent into the world. He replied without reserve that such might be the wish of young men that were not thoroughly converted ; but that the embarrassment that friars must necessarily sustain, who should determine to re-appear in the world after an absence of so many years, as well as the trifling subsistence that would be allowed them, attached them by preference to the cloister ; and that the expence of living in common, however moderate it might be, would become considerable if they were to live asunder. All this appeared rational ; but what I could not readily forgive was,

was, that, the dinner-bell happening to ring, he left me abruptly, and ran towards the refectory; assuring me that uniformity was absolutely necessary in their way of life. Thus his propensity to gormandizing prevailed over his natural politeness.

Thou tellest me nothing of my slaves, I conjure thee to see and to intimidate them. Such persons are conducted only by fear; but I would not wish them to be beaten, because they are men as well as ourselves. Adieu.

LET.

## LETTER LVII.

---

TO GLAZIR.

AMONG the different lotteries that are distributed through Europe, with a wonderful profusion, there is one in particular, by which I was lately seduced. It was invented by the *Genoese*, a set of men highly ingenious. A man in the public streets announced with a loud voice, that this lottery would be drawn on the morrow : I was desirous of becoming an adventurer, and therefore

fore paid my money, without an idea of ever seeing it again.—I had indeed almost forgotten the circumstance when one of my slaves, several days afterwards, informed that I had gained two thousand *Louis d'ors*. This intelligence was pleasant enough, and I said to myself, “ If thou wouldst continue fortunate, run no further risks.” —I thought it my duty to devote one half of it to the unfortunate, as well christians as mahometans, both being equally my fellow-creatures.

The foregoing event threw me into profound reflections concerning the *original cause* of our gains and losses, at  
this



this perilous game ; and I discoursed a long while with a very intelligent man upon the subject, who at length acknowledged that he knew nothing of the matter. If God himself be the cause, why does the man never win who puts into the lottery with a view to relieve the poor, or to procure his daily bread ; while a bad subject, whose conduct is execrable, gains almost impossibilities ? Is it chance ? Here is another and perhaps a greater difficulty ; for, as chance is a nonentity, and as nothing can come from nothing, how can chance be the author of good or evil ? Still, as there exists an effect, there must be a cause : but what labyrinths

rinths must we explore before we are able to find it?

After various discussions, the learned man with whom I conversed, exclaimed, "There is one truth that presents itself to my mind, and I believe we must not depart from it, if we would solve the enigma. The Eternal, in the immensity of his views and decrees, sees a thousand things that we cannot, and never shall see. As he recompenses good works with temporal blessings, it may happen that when a prize falls into the hands of a spendthrift who will use it liberally and charitably, it is meant as his reward. But the good  
man

man who loses in the lottery will find himself amply indemnified for his privations by receiving an *eternal recompense*. Besides God, being able to look into futurity, must have seen that this good man who seemed disposed to throw his winnings into the hands of the unfortunate, would have changed his opinion, had he become rich; and thus the money which was won by the spendthrift would absolutely have worked the good man's destruction.

The supreme Being is just :---this is an unanswerable proposition. And that nothing happens without his consent, is another equally true. Hence we may fairly

fairly conclude that our ignorance is the cause of the false opinions we maintain. If there were things that God could not see, he would not be God; and if he saw without being able to reform or prevent them, he would, in course, be governed by some higher power.----But where is the power that can restrain the Almighty?—

What thinkest thou of this reasoning, my dear Glazir, thou that formerly studiedst metaphysics with such success? I appeal to thy superior understanding, and shall be proud to have thy decision upon the subject.

Art



Art thou not astonished that I am influenced in so small a degree by pleasures, in a city like Paris, where every thing suggests voluptuousness? I regard them as snares which are every where spread to catch passengers. Here you are tempted by women; there, by shops, decorated in a most seducing manner. Here you see coaches, glittering as the car of Apollo; there, the circus of a *Palais Royal*, where the senses are attacked on every side. Here are spectacles of every denomination; there, exquisite tables, covered with the finest fruits of the earth, and the most delicious wines. Here you are gratified with the sweetest perfumes;

there, with sounds of melodious instruments, and the most enchanting voices.

Such is the merit of my resistance, that I pass through the midst of pleasures as I pass through a flower-garden; smelling at one flower, admiring another, but never stopping to gather any.—Adieu!

LET.

## LETTER LVIII.

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TO GLAZIR.

WHO would believe, considering the place whence I write, that my letters were so rational ? I think I hear a fine lady cry, “ The man is mad ! ----What could possibly induce him to handle moral and metaphysical subjects in the very bosom of Paris, where we can neither walk without dancing, nor speak without singing ? In Paris, the vortex of gaiety, the centre of pleasures,

F 2

fures, the dwelling place of loveliness?  
**This is overturning the order of things!"**  
 -----**"For me, cries a man of fashion,**  
 when I write from Paris, I choose gilt  
 paper bordered with flowers, and softer  
 than satin. I use the quill of a turtle,  
 with the most glossy ink; and insert  
 the prettiest possible phrases, to the end  
 that my letter may bear the stamp of  
 the capital. I perfume it with odorife-  
 rous scents; taking especial care that  
 it contain nothing but amiable frivoli-  
 ties, random phrases, filligree thoughts,  
 and new coined words. A letter is in-  
 supportable if it be not impressed with  
 the seal of elegance. Does it treat of  
 love? It should abound in *ohs!* and  
*ahs!*



*ubs ! and alasses !*——Is grief the subject ? It should consist of points : the words should be cut short, and the style ought to be hesitating, and hacked into pieces. The less we love, the more violent should appear our affliction, and the more tender our sentiments.”——

A lady, lately pretended to be desperately in love with a gentleman, whom she had attached to her, by a thousand professions and demonstrations ; forgetting even what she owed to her sex and condition, in order to lavish upon him the most endearing caresses. Letters, every day, passed

reciprocally between them ; and in the moment when their mutual flame seemed to blaze most furiously, the lover received an enormous packet from her whom he adored. His heart palpitated, his whole soul was moved: the mere inspection of the seal and hand-writing produced a two-fold emotion. He opened the packet without knowing what he was about: his memory was confounded, his sight failed; and, to such a degree was he agitated, that he was obliged to read it over twice before he could comprehend its contents. — At length he perceived all his own letters, his transports, his raptures, which his charmer had returned with  
the

the utmost indifference and unconcern : assuring him that such a flat and insipid style was unworthy the regard of a woman of fashion. She earnestly desired him to burn his vile trash ; and informed the unhappy lover that she had asked pardon of all the muses for having kept his letters so long in her possession.

Thou mayest judge as thou shalt think proper of my style, provided thou givest me credit for the vigorous expressions of my heart. Adieu !—

L E T T E R LIX.

---

TO GLAZIR.

A SHARPER, summoned before the police for having been handsomely dressed, and well lodged and boarded without a single farthing in his pocket, received orders to quit Paris, where he could, of course, subsist only at the expence of the public. After having heard the humiliating sentence pronounced, he replied, “ I have ever been told that the place where we can  
live



live best, is our proper country; and where could I be, better than in this large city, where I spend my life agreeably,——where I receive every thing, and pay nothing? Those who know me, envy my fate, as the fate of a citizen that fears neither the diminution of rents, the imposition of severe taxes, nor the fluctuation of the stocks. Besides, if I am banished on account of my poverty, I ought to be accompanied by at least thirty thousand young men whom I know; for there are more than thirty thousand in Paris, that have no patrimony but their *industry*. It is not by soliciting favours that I procure dinners and suppers; for

I appear always to go with great reluctance to the houses of gentlemen by whom I am invited. Every thing consists in talent and address.—To one I say, “ In order to oblige you, I have broken my engagement with a duke; to another, if you will dine an hour later than usual, I shall be at your service, for I must necessarily attend the levee of the minister.”——The court, pleased with his candour and gaiety, suffered him to range at liberty.

It is a custom among adventurers to present themselves, on the days of public audience, at the ministers’ houses. They never speak to these great men,  
nor

nor are they even known by them ; but they appear with an air of importance, and, losing themselves in the crowd, converse with one, and laugh with another, till they form alliances, which are the more dangerous, because these gentry are enabled to say, “ We first saw each other in the minister’s drawing-room.”

An Indian would perish a thousand times before he would have recourse to such craftiness. If you would live at Paris, you must be poor or rich in the extreme, for mediocrity is insupportable. Creditors torment, without ceas-

ing, the man who owes twenty shillings; while he who owes them immense sums, remains unmolested, because they think he is rich.

LET-



LETTER LX.

---

TO GLAZIR.

FRANCE is truly a country of prodigies. In this city the deaf are made to hear, the dumb to speak, and the blind to see. An abbé who goes unrewarded among a thousand useless ecclesiastics that devour all the loaves and fishes, has taken upon himself the care of instructing the afflicted of whom I am speaking. He keeps a public school; and it is a most touching spectacle

tacle to see him perform. With the assistance of gestures, signs, and letters which he marks out with chalk, he makes himself understood; insomuch that both the deaf and the dumb divine the signification of every word he writes, and express it by the most significant signs. Joseph the Second came with great eagerness to see this venerable abbé, who certainly merited such a favour, on account of his intelligence and extraordinary virtues, of which *patience* is, by no means, the least. I have seen him give lessons, and have been pleased to the very soul. Even the most abstruse words are rendered, by signs, clear and precise.

But,

But, would you believe that the Parisians themselves are less curious than strangers to see such a phenomenon; and that the greater part of the nobility have never visited this academy? It seems that they are afraid of instruction, and think they have done enough when they have talked all day without laying a word!—Farewell!

LET-

## LETTER LXI.

TO ONE OF THE INTERPRETERS OF  
THE LAW.

**MINISTER** of heaven's vengeance and mercy;—for by this double title I supplicate thy pre-eminence to punish *Walberc*, and to pardon him. I took upon me the care of his education from his earliest moments, and he discovered the sublimest dispositions; but I am informed that he has lately transgressed thy commands, and rendered himself culpable of indiscretion.

I deliver



I deliver him up to thy great soul which, being fast bound to the Alcoran, can do nothing but what is conformable to its letter. Thou sayest that he is the very essence of charity. On this account, the spirit of divine peace that rests in thy bosom, will not permit thee to inflict a punishment too severe. The flame of anger will be less vigorous than the flame of benevolence.

My residence at Paris has not occasioned me to forget my duty. The divine law continually presents itself to my mind, and drags me from the uttermost borders of the precipices that have been dug for me by vice. My foot-  
steps

steps are imprinted only in places where  
 the virtues passed before ; for I follow  
 the traces of those charming guides.  
 The moment in which I am writing to  
 thee, appears sacred, because of the  
 respect that I entertain for thy sublime  
 person, and high dignity. The moun-  
 tains shall fall sooner than the ministers  
 of our prophet shall be overthrown.  
 The flowers with which prophane love  
 decorates his crowns, are stolen from  
 thee ; for to thee they should be offer-  
 ed, as to one who takes his flight to  
 the very bosom of the stars, and re-  
 ceives from them a divine light, un-  
 known to the vulgar. I kiss the thresh-  
 hold of thy dwelling-place, and pro-  
 strate

strate myself, with my face buried in  
 the dust which has been trampled upon  
 by thy sacred feet !

LET-

LETTER LXII.

---

To SOLIMA.

I HAVE not yet written to thee respecting the nobility that inhabit these latitudes, because I was willing to observe them scrupulously before I attempted to sketch their portraits. Princes, ministers, dukes, ambassadors, counts, and marquisses,—all have attracted my attention, and I am enabled to speak of them without partiality.

Some



Some have a natural affability which appears to be clouded by their dignity : —they wish to become more communicative, but, at the same time, they are afraid of lessening their grandeur. Others, by a look of furliness, endeavour to make themselves amends for their suppleness at court :—that is to say, they straiten themselves after being most servilely bent. There are among them, men of education ; and those that have not this advantage, have, at least, the talent of appearing to be learned. They are acquainted with the technical terms of arts and sciences, insomuch that painters and architects who are employed by them,

listen

listen with admiration, and wonder at *my lord's* profound knowledge in their professions. The story passes from tongue to tongue till his lordship's reputation is established. To this we may add that the nobility in question often invite an academician, or in other words, a great talker under that title, to their tables. The result is a confluence of encomiums upon his excellency; for an academy is absolutely a manufacture of encomiums.

The great have generally an imperfect idea of happiness, because they are only beneficent by halves. The true enjoyment of riches, consists in doing  
good

good without reserve, and without partiality ; but they are thunder-struck when a generous action is proposed to them. He who has need of their support loses their protection, because their protection consists solely of words. “ I know them so well, said a gentleman to me, the other day, that if a letter be shewn to me that has been addressed to them, I can predict their answer, word for word. They keep a precedent book of refusals, and when they say that on all occasions they will be your most humble servants, it is a sure sign that they do not mean to serve you at all.”

One

One of these obliging lords professed himself the friend of a man of merit, and promised him every thing; but always when the unfortunate man petitioned for a particular place, he replied, "Ask me for any other thing in the world, and you shall be convinced how desirous I am of giving you satisfaction." He kept him in this situation for ten years, when the dependent, losing all patience, said to his patron, "I am poor,—I do not possess twenty shillings in the world; but I would not change my existence for yours, for I never deluded any man with vain pretensions."

The

The rich and great, as well here as in other places, know how to *lose* without knowing how to *give*. There is but one nobleman in Paris that keeps a public table for strangers. You must attend a long while before you can accost a lord, whose custom is to amuse himself with a spaniel or parrot while the unlucky petitioner is left to kick his heels in an anti-chamber. Adieu.





## LETTER LXIII.

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TO GLAZIR.

LOVE is here dressed out in a thousand different ways. He is a perfect Proteus, for he assumes every possible shape. He is found in pamphlets, prints, pictures; on snuff-boxes, muffs, gauzes, and ribbands:—yet, with all this, people do not love a whit the better. Nothing can be colder than conjugal love, nothing more variable than that of lovers. “ Our young men  
of

of fortune love only themselves," said a lady to me, who was in despair at finding her charms neglected.

Love generally ceases where lewdness begins. I was desirous of knowing from the Parisians themselves whence proceeded the real cause of this disorder; and they replied that their young men, who were libertines at an early age, seldom gave the first fruits of their love to the women whom they married; that they were disgusted with marriage, even before the ceremony was over; that their brides, dissatisfied with such conduct, bestowed their affections elsewhere; and that

love, thus tossed about, was no more than the shadow of himself.

The Parisians want a few degrees of our sun, to give new warmth and spirit to their love and friendship. Love is an immense tree, planted in a burning soil, which produces only venomous fruits if they be not grafted upon marriage. This passion, too, loses itself in words; for it is, for ever, boasting either in prose or in poetry, of its own perfections.—True love is no babler.

But I will proceed to a little adventure which thou oughtest to be made acquainted

acquainted with. A little being, half grey, half black—every thing, remember, is little in this business——knocks at my door, shews me a little figure, and offers his little services. This was a little abbé, who wished to serve me in the double capacity of antiquary and introducer. “ There are three sorts of abbés, said he,---instructive and enlightened abbés who honour their profession, scandalous abbés who are a disgrace to it, and lastly frivolous abbés, who live as well as they can, and perform little atchievements, in order to procure themselves a mere existence. I am one of these last; and I assure you,

my lord—a title he frequently repeated—that I can be serviceable to your affairs. I execute commissions of every kind. Do you wish for pleasant, or serious books? I can purchase them, with promptitude. If a lady be in the case, I embroider, I handle the scissars, I watch the monkey, I compliment the parrot, I run for the doctor, I announce the best milliners and mantua-makers, I write letters and messages,—in a word, I do every thing that is necessary to be done. If a nobleman honours me with his confidence, I conduct him to every place where there are objects of curiosity. When he steps into his carriage, I

assist



assist him with my arm, and hold his umbrella.

“ There are more than an hundred of our fraternity who are continually upon the look out for the arrival of strangers, and who render themselves serviceable by their complaisance and little attentions. They are often liable to the punishment of a severe jest, or disdainful look; of these, however, they are entirely regardless. Alas! of what consequence is it that we are ridiculed, provided that we live? We are the first to laugh at those humorous publications which handle us roughly. It seems that burlesque co-

medies and pamphlets would have no poignancy if we were not allowed to figure in them. An author lately detained me for half an hour, at the *Palais Royal*, and afterwards had the insolence to inform me that he had been all the while, sketching my character, for the purpose of introducing it into a new farce."

The abbé appeared to be a pleasant fellow, but he was hungry, and I gave him a dinner. I entreated him to relate a few adventures respecting his fraternity, but he observed that the clergy sufficiently disgraced themselves,  
and

and had no sort of occasion for detractors.

These abbés generally dissipate their fortunes at Paris; and, from what I have told thee, thou wilt acknowledge that they make a noble use of the goods of religion. Were the donors to rise from their tombs, how would they be surpris'd ! They would burst into holy rage, and the amphibious abbés would be annihilated under the weight of their just indignation.

L E T T E R   L X I V .

---

T O   G L A Z I R .

**T**HEOLOGY, metaphysics, poetry, medicine, natural philosophy,—all are offered us, in detail, every morning. Loose sheets containing extracts from the most celebrated works, are distributed through the city, and the mind is nourished by them in a manner equally useful and agreeable. They wonderfully assist the ignorant; and even the learned themselves meet with

traits

traits that refresh their memories. These daily resources force, as it were, the inhabitants of Paris to become skilled in scholastic knowledge. Novelties appear continually; and every analysis that is made from them, is extremely serviceable to persons who have neither time to read, nor money to purchase originals.

I ought to have told thee that a journalist is one who passes judgement upon new books; and that although the criticism of journals be not always \* impartial

\* It is almost impossible to avoid remarking, in this place, that our national criticism, particularly that of the *reviews*, has a manifest advantage over



partial, it corrects authors, and challenges good taste. Since I began to read these publications, I have acquired a volubility of speech, and am, at length, become thoroughly versed in French literature. There are men who impatiently wait the appearance of journals, in order to appear learned. Without them they would not have a word to say : but in quoting from them anecdotes and phrases, they pass for intelligent people. This puts me in mind of what a gentleman said to me the other day, who is remark-

the criticism of our Gallic neighbours :—To good taste, and sound erudition, the authors of these periodical publications certainly add the necessary ingredient, impartiality. C. S.

able

able for his elegant verses. “ I never made a rhyme in my life, said he, but I have a skilful method of selecting odes, elegies, and epigrams of the last century, by which means I pass for an original wit.” In Paris impudence composes more than three parts of merit, and consequently of reputation.

—Adieu.—

**LET.**

## LETTER LXV.

---

DURTABECK to ZATOR.

**I** KNOW not if this letter will ever fall into thy hands, for I write to thee in the transports of my friendship, uncertain whether or no thou residest still at Paris. Be it as it may, my conscience shall be satisfied. From the banks of the Red Sea, I abandon this letter to the mercy of the winds and waves. I would address an ode to  
them,

them, were I assured that they would be faithful to fulfil my desires.

Is it true that thou art pleased with Paris, and that, upon the whole, notwithstanding its disorders, thou findest reason predominant? Much frivolousness, indeed, must be passed by, before reason can be met with; but the case was exactly the same in Rome and in Athens, in spite of all the glory that is now ascribed to them. They have been exalted during more than a score of centuries, and this exaltation has given them an air of importance.

Remember

Remember that I partake of thy pleasures and amusements. Make me therefore to enjoy all that is excellent in the arts, sciences, and fashions. When I was at Paris, the manners of the French were less refined than at present, but on the other hand, the Parisians were not so much addicted to extremes. There is a certain moderation which appears poignant in a smaller degree, but which is by no means without its merit. Women formerly were modest and reserved at places of public entertainment; and if they were not wise, they had, at least, the appearance of wisdom.

Make



Make provision of all thou canst hear and see that is interesting, to the end that we may be amused and instructed when we meet together. But when will such a happy event arrive? Heaven, that conducts us through the gloomy paths and windings of this life, is alone capable of answering the question.

I have suffered diseases and misfortunes, in short, all the casualties that are attached to our poor humanity; but I have consoled myself by anticipating in my mind, the time when all these troubles will come to an end; for alas,

we

we are infinitely more happy or unhappy, in imagination than in reality!

Having lost my three slaves, I am left entirely alone. I watched and attended them to the last moments of their existence, as brothers whom Providence had placed under my protection. While I was closing their eyes, they gave me a thousand benedictions. Alas, their ashes are removed far from me; and yet perhaps their souls are near to mine. But these are impenetrable mysteries which I leave to him who alone can elucidate them, and who is unwilling that they should be revealed

revealed to us while we remain below.

Adieu ! If thou preservest thy gaiety  
thou wilt always be happy.

LET-

L E T T E R LXVI.

---

TO GLAZIR.

I HAVE been indisposed for several days, not being able to sleep, which gave me much inquietude, although I am no sleeper. Four hours of rest out of four and twenty are all I require.

During my illness, I was visited by a doctor of the republic of Lucca who knows nothing of phyfic, but who cures all the world by his cheerfulness and  
gaiety

gaiety of heart. He told me, in a tone of voice, highly original, that disease, being unable to enter when the body was full, there was consequently no risk in eating, when we were in good health. He is a great enemy to fasting, persuaded that, as one morsel chases another, we have only to double and treble the dose of aliment, when the stomach is disordered, to effect a certain cure.

He leaves the care of almost all disorders to Nature, pretending that she is a good botcher, and well knows how to take up the stitches that drop in our constitution.



constitution. These were precisely his own terms.

In consequence of his mode of practice, he ~~is~~ the physician of I know not how many prelates, and others, who think it much better to go full, than fasting, into the other world.—Our journey thither, ought indeed, to be provided for ; more particularly as there are no inns upon the road. A devotee, however, who loves good eating, believes that the saints keep inns by the way side, for the purpose of entertaining the elect, till they arrive at the heavenly palace.

I used

I used the doctor's receipt, with moderation, and found myself much better. For eight days previously to this time, I had been deprived of bread; and fed with chicken broth.—But physicians are always in extremes:—they generally prescribe a regimen adapted to their own tastes and prejudices. The doctor that cannot drink coffee, will, if possible, prevent all his patients from drinking it.-----All disorders proceeded from soup, according to an old physician, who loved not soup himself: all disorders are propagated by tea, in the opinion of Doctor Tissot, because the doctor holds that plant in utter aversion!

How

How many opinions in the world are founded on prepossession ; and who is able to tell us what *opinion* really is ? It springs up, it grows, and becomes stronger than the soundest judgments, ---more powerful than all possible authorities. Kings themselves are brought before its tribunal, and no sooner does it pronounce sentence than the multitude are hurried away in a most astonishing manner. We see it reigning over cities and kingdoms, and subjugating sense and genius !---Adieu.

L E T

## LETTER LXVII.

---

TO GLAZIR.

IT is now the fashion neither to eat, nor to be susceptible of appetite. Gormandizing is left to financiers, luxurious morsels to abbés; and from the age of five and twenty years, people are afraid to eat suppers, because they *begin to grow old*. At least this is the modish phrase, and it is often but too true.

VOL. II.

H

Some

Some time ago I was invited to a magnificent supper, and out of forty persons that made their appearance, there were but nine that placed themselves at table. Astonished at this singularity, I observed to a person who sat near me that all those who were walking about were, doubtless, sick people; and that I was surprised at their keeping such late hours.

“ They are all well as you are, he replied; but were they tormented with hunger, they would not sit down to table, because it is unfashionable. Formerly people ate five meals; at present they scarcely eat one. Our breakfasts,  
dinner,



dinners, collations, suppers, and midnight repasts, are all suppressed. I know a marchioness who takes no sustenance but at two o'clock in the morning,---the time when she desists from play,---because she would die on the spot, were she observed to eat. If there were no parasites, even the mode of sitting down to table would be forgotten ; and on this account they sit as long as they can, for the purpose of keeping up the custom."

The French are extravagant in their entertainments, particularly with respect to the method of preparing them. But notwithstanding their country pro-

duces excellent wine it is seldom found at their tables. Strangers drink it for them; yet it is not always drunk to their healths---particularly in London.

The great prophet that deprived us of wine, has not forbidden us to talk of that sparkling liquor. All legislators have ordained privations, to teach us that a sensual life, is not the life of a rational being !

LET-

## L E T T E R    L X V I I I .

---

 T O   G L A Z I R .

A FESTIVAL was lately solemnized on one of those days when christians honour the memory of some particular saint. In these celebrations the sacred is mixed with the prophane; for in one place they pray and sing, while in another there are drinking parties and assignations. I was desirous of witnessing such a spectacle, and was conducted to the house of the nobleman

who gave it. I found excellent cheer and good company. French urbanity manifested itself in the most engaging way, and the whole assembly paid me the greatest attention.

While I listened to a personage who peremptorily decided on the opinions of all the rest, as well as on the merit of every new publication, I said to a knight of Malta whom I knew, "This is doubtless one of your most learned men, and one who has given profound works to the public."

"Far from it, replied the knight:  
—he is an absolute non-entity among  
authors;

authors; and all his merit consists in the madness of railing at every thing that falls in his way. He plays the critic with regard to literary productions both in prose and verse, but he could not perhaps write a single page himself without filling it with blunders. We are not here the dupes of such bitter calumniators, whose order is too well known, and whose remarks are laughed at and despised."

But how ought a man to proceed, said I, in order to forestal reputation, and to receive it from their decrees ?

H 4

He



He made it appear to me that puffers might be plentifully procured by means of good dinners. “ The smallest merit becomes important when we have people to trumpet forth our praise ;—zealots, I mean, with loud voices, who disperse themselves through the city, and who, sometimes at the houses of the great, and sometimes in public places, exalt the man whom they wish to set up for a prodigy. They extol his works and his name, and do not forget to repeat panegyrics which they themselves have artfully scattered through the journals. All this while the modest man, who has nothing to recommend him but his talents and his virtues,

virtues, remains in obscurity, and his productions are vilified without being read:—especially if he be not of the number of *Beaux esprits*."

Thus I see, my dear Glazir, that intrigue is here the grand support of authors and of placemen: and that they would appear to be mere dwarfs instead of giants if they had not favour for their pedestal. A work becomes popular through intrigue; a seat in the academy is obtained through intrigue; and it is through intrigue that men arrive at reputation. The spirit of party attempts to stifle a man's talents,

and to asperse his manners, when it cannot obscure his genius.

Paris really furnishes an inexhaustible fund of reflections. The four quarters of the world are confounded in it, in such a manner that, without leaving this immense capital, we discover Asia, Africa, and America. It is a soil impregnated with the genius of all those different countries.—For my amusement, the other day, I actually divided Paris into four parts, giving to each the name of one of the four quarters of the globe. The quarter of *St. Honoré*, I called Europe; that of *St. Antoine*, Africa;

Africa; *St. Germain* I called *Asia*; and the *Isle of St. Louis*, *America*. These places really bear no resemblance to each other, their manners being more or less refined !——

Canst thou believe that the ceremony of dress is become almost extinct? Noblemen of the highest rank walk about all the morning, dressed like their servants, without the least mark of distinction. This, they say, is commodious, because their state of concealment spares them many salutations which they would otherwise be obliged to return. How many inconveniences are attendant upon good

manners?—particularly when a young prelate finds it necessary to conceal his cross? Formerly it was a crime to hide this mark of ecclesiastical dignity; but, at present, my lord comes and goes without being perceived. God grant that he may make use of his disguise merely for the purpose of giving alms more privately ! but .....

.....

LET-



LETTER LXIX.

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GLAZIR TO ZATOR.

PAST ages, like leaves extracted from the book of destiny, which the Deity himself has torn out, are swallowed up for ever in that abyfs where every thing is precipitated, and whence nothing returns. Into this gulph the years that compose our mortal life are imperceptibly dropping.

This,

This, my dear friend, is one of the reflections I make, while I am preparing for thy return. Nothing is so favourable to serious meditations as the absence of a friend. Nature, who is then in a gloomy mood, directs the soul to solemn objects, and teaches it to philosophize. I have remarked that we cannot analyze time without being sorrowful. Always reminding us of the past, whose loss we regret, and always leaving us to glance at the future, which we are not sure of attaining to, it offers us only the present, which perishes even whilst we are talking of it !

There

There is, however, a way to disperse these melancholy reflections, and the following is my receipt. I never suffer my thoughts to ramble beyond the day that is passing over me; and I say to myself while I am rising—"This day will I spend without inquietude, and without troubling myself about to-morrow, which does not belong to me; and which is only an imaginary being,—a thing that does not exist!" The wretched would be far less numerous in the world, were each to say to himself, as he rises from his bed, "I am assured only of this day." It is the dread of the future that torments mankind,—a future of which we are not certain,

certain, and which generally falls out differently from our expectations.

By collecting thy letters I am compiling an abridged history of Paris : be it understood, however, that the edition will be augmented when we come together.—Adieu.

LET.

L E T T E R   LXX.

---

TO SOLIMA, NERISA AND PALMIRA.

MY love hath not varied a single minute, nor sunk a single degree, since our union bound our hearts in indissoluble bands. I call upon my conscience, the storehouse of my most secret sentiments, to bear witness of this truth. If I have crossed the seas, it has been neither through distaste nor inconstancy; but to find means of occupying my soul, which would prove my greatest torment



torment if she had not nourishment proportioned to her wishes. She burns with a desire of knowledge, and her fire must be cherished. Besides, I thought it my duty to gain all possible instruction, to the end that I might serve my country the more effectually : and I concluded that my children would receive a better education when I should be able to impart to them that knowledge of men and things that is acquired by travelling. We no longer live in those barbarous and barren times, when ignorance was cherished as the sovereign good ; when nothing was seen but tribes of robbers and vagabonds. The French, as well

as the English, have visited our country and polished our manners. As to the rest, conjugal love, by which I have been directed, is not like those transitory amours that exist only for a moment:—it grasps the soul in such a way, that neither time nor place can alter it, if a man be really honest. With regard to yourselves, your virtues and your beauty will defend you from all suspicions. Every time ye survey your charming faces in the limpid pool that is smooother than the most polished ice, ye will say to yourselves, “He would be a madman were he to treat us with infidelity.” Your lips more shining than coral, never wander from my heart,

heart, and I am anxious for the happy moment when I shall be able to mingle my sentiments with yours, to the end that there be but one soul between us.

What will ye think of my delicacy when I tell you with my own mouth, that in the midst of all the enchantments of Paris, I have thought of nothing but you ? Adieu, my dear and tender wives ! I am charmed to hear that ye live in peace ; that the slave who dared to prevaricate is returned to his duty ; and that your only distress arises from my absence. Ye distress yourselves because I am removed to such a distance ; but, as I have already remarked,

remarked to you, there is no distance for souls. Were it necessary to grieve because we shall perhaps see each other no more, we ought to weep every evening before we retire to rest, for nobody is assured of seeing the following morning. I embrace you all alike, under the auspices of our divine prophet.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

---

TO GLAZIR.

THE august senate which the monarch had dispersed, I have seen reinstated. If the goddess Themis herself were to descend upon the earth, she would not appear with greater majesty! It is pity, however, that this external pomp should be darkened by the clouds of chicanery; by means of which the poor client is overwhelmed  
with



with expence, and even the counsellor that attempts to defend his cause, frequently ruins it, by his false eloquence. The method of pleading is a gross imposition. A man in a large black robe, argues before forty or fifty magistrates, who, by their seriousness and solemnity, appear to represent the Roman senate. These magistrates would not be themselves, it seems, if they were not arrayed in distinguished habits, which generally produce a wonderful effect. There is however no difference between the dresses of barristers and those of attorneys. This, in my opinion, is an evil that ought to be remedied.

The parliament, like all other societies in the world, has its calumniators; but, it must be allowed that their strictures are not always founded. When it makes no remonstrances it is reproached with timidity; when it remonstrates, it is deemed rash and precipitate.

The troubles of French parliaments proceed from their *registries*: had these always been renounced, as at this day, the result had been more fortunate.

I will bring with me several pleas, suits, and petitions of the solicitor-general *Seguier*. This singular man, who  
has

has long been the oracle of the bar, re-  
 novates his genius when he pleases, and  
 gives it new spirit and vigour. Empe-  
 rors and kings have heard and admir-  
 ed him; nor have these honours made  
 him arrogant. He thinks the praises  
 that are now scattered with such profu-  
 sion, ought not to affect a great man :  
 —that posterity alone should be re-  
 garded, and not a cluster of insignifi-  
 cant beings, whose suffrage is as frivo-  
 lous as their talents.

Thy affection for the French lan-  
 guage will attach thee before-hand to  
 the memoirs that I have promised thee.  
 Farewell !

## LETTER LXXII.

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TO GLAZIR.

**PREPOSSESSION** is very powerful in this country ; and she is almost always unjust. An author, a man of real probity, made his appearance, a few days ago, at a house to which I happened to be invited, where there was a large company. A man whom he had never seen before, mistakes him for another of inferior rank, and obstinately persisting in his mistake, begins to storm

storm and bluster ; calls his phyfiogno-  
 my abominable, rates his understand-  
 ing below mediocrity, and regards him  
 with an eye of difdain. The moment,  
 however, arrived in which he was un-  
 deceived, and he could not, for some  
 time, recover from his surprize. Inci-  
 dents of this nature happen every day,  
 and yet they are not likely to be cor-  
 rected. It is even faid that when a  
 man is miftaken, particularly if he be a  
 minifter or a fovereign, he ought never  
 to retract his opinion. A principle the  
 more deteftable as thefe men muft, in  
 courfe, believe themfelves to be in-  
 fallible, and finally become tyrants.  
 I lately defcended into the moft gloomy



dungeons in Paris, for the purpose of surveying the terrible effects of such tyranny and depravity of heart. I confess my indignation arose when I saw cruelties exercised in the very bosom of France, upon its wretched inhabitants. No books ! no light ! no consolations !—as if it were necessary to reduce to utter despair, the unfortunate beings who had already been deprived of liberty, and were soon to be despoiled of life ! Nothing but excessive cruelty could have invented such a punishment. Monsieur Neckar, whose superior talents will infallibly effect the salvation of France, is expected to abolish this barbarous custom.

My

My visit to these prisons was chiefly for the purpose of noticing the abuses that prevail in them. That of exacting five and forty livres a month, for a chamber horrible to the view, is scandalous in the extreme. No extortions are more terrible than those of gaolers. Every thing passes through their hands, and, for the least indulgence, they must be paid beyond all measure. A prisoner should not be obliged to expend a farthing while he is in confinement, for how is it possible that he can pay his debts when he buys the most common necessaries at the most exorbitant rates? It appears to me that a man would become a bad subject in these

places of horror, even if he should possess a good disposition. He would live in the very bosom of vice, and be compelled to hear the most vicious conversation.—But where is the country in the world that stands not in need of reform? Were a Parisian to visit ours, what changes would he attempt to make! “I should swoon, said a fine lady, to me, to find in India neither coaches nor caps, nor husbands such as ours:—without the *Palais Royal*, I should indubitably expire.”

The same lady informed me that she had been born in the country; and had made a vow to select a husband from this place of fashionable resort;  
that

that being mistress of her time and fortune, she repaired thither every day, and took her seat, for three hours at least; where, after having well examined the air and carriage of the company that passed and repassed, she perceived a man whom she thought she could love. She accosted him,—they soon became acquainted; and, as it often happens that abbés are dressed like men of the world, he proved to be an abbé. It was too late to retract, and a marriage was the consequence. The husband continued his assiduities, till his lady aspired to a young fop with a large cravat, golden ear-rings, and a striped frock. In short, he picked a quarrel,

cel, the day after his wedding, with a man as rash as himself, and received a mortal wound !

The young widow, who had been a woman but a single day, was determined to be a woman no longer. She gave to her widowhood an air of virginity, and resumed the appellation of *Miss*.—A fine figure, an abundance of wit, and a great deal of levity, added to an immense fortune, render her at this moment extremely interesting. Besides all this, she has a *naïveté* that belongs only to herself. She is vexed because Paris is not shaken, from time to time, by little earthquakes, being of  
opinion



opinion that so great a city ought to boast of *every thing* ! She has an aunt, a devotee, whom she never sees. People of that description, she says, are not made for this world ; she will, therefore, reserve her visits till she arrives at the next.

I cannot help loving her in spite of her extravagancies, which are so striking, and of a species so entirely new, that even misanthropists are diverted by them. The other day, she took a large spaniel by the paw, and exclaimed, in the midst of a numerous circle, “ This gentleman shall be my knight-

errant, and my friend; for since our great men have concluded that beasts are of the same nature as ourselves, I should be sorry to be without their acquaintance."

I break off, in order to visit St. Cloud, a pleasant castle, which has lately been magnificently embellished: —but it will never possess the advantages of *Meudon*, to which place the Seine conveys the tribute of her waves. This is the only situation that I would bring with me to India, if I had the faculty of removing mountains. It is simple and sublime, and the city of  
Paris,

Paris, which appears in the back ground  
of the picture, multiplies its charms to  
a most ravishing degree.

LETTER LXXIII.

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TO GLAZIR.

**I** AM pleased amidst the whirl and bustle of Paris, because I am not prevented from retiring into myself. I always find two hours in the day for solid reflection ;—my soul knows how to bridle her desires when she is beset by seduction.

I have chosen a little hermitage, at a small distance from Paris, where I  
often

often philosophize ; and here I am sometimes visited by a friend. We together weigh the world in a just balance, and generally find it exceedingly light : but what most surprises me is that little world which we carry in our bosoms, and which, being the result of five senses, governed by an immortal soul, procures us the greatest enjoyments.

How can we be dissatisfied with ourselves if it be true that, in the twinkling of an eye, we are able to procure a thousand pleasures ? The pleasure of hearing, the pleasure of tasting, the pleasure of speaking, the pleasure of  
feeling,



feeling, the pleasure of seeing, the pleasure of thinking, the pleasure of imagining, the pleasure of remembering : —all these are so many windows which I open in a moment, and obtain for my soul a prospect of unspeakable satisfaction. Every morning, I calculate the number of different faculties that are at my own disposal ; and this *self* which I see so well enclosed and defended, penetrates me with the most lively admiration. So huge and powerful do I seem to be, that I am almost tempted to think myself a god ! The universe without me is ineffectual and unimportant, insomuch that, were there no mortals to contemplate and analyze

it, it would be no more than an enormous chaos.

These *coups d'ail* thrown upon ourselves, would produce the greatest effects, if they were followed by long and habitual reflections. But who will make them ? Not the sharper who has only four and twenty hours, night and day, in which to find means of duping the public ; not the petit maître, infatuated with his figure to such a degree as never to quit his hair-dresser and looking-glass ; not the man of wit, who ransacks frivolous authors for frivolous conversations ; not the miser, who continually

tinually counts his money without growing tired ; not the vender of benefices, who prostrates himself in the anti-chambers of the great, calling every man in place *my lord* ; not the ideot who, morning, noon, and night, mutters words that he does not himself understand, and who believes that he shall save his soul by forbearing to make enquiries respecting its properties !

Where then shall we find a man of reflection ? Especially while the world is so dissipated that he who attempts to think passes for a Goth ? It has been said that our thoughts are reserved for  
the

the ensuing age ; and that the present is an age of mere words. It is not necessary that every century should be alike !——Adieu !

LET-

LETTER LXXIV.

---

TO GLAZIR.

ROMANCES and libels, libels and romances—constitute, at present, the whole circle of French literature. They are the most precious morsels with which the Parisians regale their minds. Talents, virtues, reputations, dignities, intrigues, treasons, abuses of authority,—all are put into the same fan, and winnowed and sifted in the same way.

There



There are persons in this city, and their number is by no means small, who are so violently exasperated against virtuous men, that they endeavour, as much as possible, to blacken their characters, in hopes of driving virtue from the face of the earth. Even bigots have not a little contributed to her banishment. The furliness of their character, and their ferocious air, have been taken for virtue herself; while, on the contrary, the distinguishing features of that goddess are gentleness, and sweetness of disposition. One is almost tempted to say that these virtuous persons *are sorry that they are virtuous*, so sad and serious do they appear.

“ You

“ You cannot imagine what good I have done, said a dervise to me—who is called a chartreux, or carthusian friar—I have induced a number of young people to visit our monastery by assuming an air always pleasant and familiar; and the affability with which I have, at all times, received them, has drawn many from the paths of vice. We had an austere prior, whose countenance was always furrowed into frowns, but he converted nobody; while I, if I had been willing, could have made as many novices as I had visitors. The fear, however, of enticing men who were born for liberty, into a snare that can never be broken,

pre-

prevented me, always, from making propositions, too lightly or indiscriminately. Were there no vows, it would be so much the better; but vows are terrible to be endured when we have not a decided vocation."

I conceived the highest esteem for this amiable man, whose example is worth a hundred books of morality.

This little adventure I related to a woman of fashion, who cried, "If I had found such a friar I should most certainly have turned nun upon the spot; for were virtue to receive as many shades as we give to ribbands, I  
should

should make an excellent devotee——  
but I hate to see a melancholy air pre-  
siding over the conduct, dress, or coun-  
tenance.”

A pleasant reflection, without doubt,  
and though trifling in appearance, it  
includes a moral sense. Adieu.

LET.

LETTER LXXV.

---

TO GLAZIR.

WHAT a difference between our customs and the customs of this country! Estranged from the rest of the world, we live without intercourse, without the least knowledge of what happens in the universe; unless a revolution in our state, or some good natured stranger gives us intelligence respecting Europe, the centre of news and adventure.

In



In Africa there are lions and leopards, sands and burning sands ; in Asia, learned Chinese, who are so incommunicative they only live for themselves ; in America negroes, parrots, sugar, and indigo ; but in Europe there are arts and sciences, pageants and gazettes, books and books again ! It is to these little periodical sheets, which circulate through every town and village, and penetrate into every house, that we owe the privilege of knowing the revolutions of the physical and moral world, in detail ; of discussing the interests of crowns ; of estimating the strength of empires ; and of learning their respective situations.

These

These gazettes, of which, our countrymen are unfortunately deprived, give rise to useful conversations, bring men acquainted with every nation, and disperse them through all countries. Through their means the Parisians become intimate with the four quarters of the world, and are enabled to determine upon the projects of ministers, the birth of princes, the death of great men, and the operations of courts.

A gazette of Paris that should relate, every week, the secret adventures of that extensive capital, would, doubtless, be curious; but it would

also reveal truths that are much better buried in oblivion. There are two towns in Paris,—a town that every body sees, that every body frequents, and a subterraneous town, where every species of villainy is fabricated. He who visits the latter runs a double risk; for he is either the victim of knaves, or becomes a knave himself. Paris, however, would be unlike all other cities were it free from irregularities.

I am going to spend three days in the country, where I am to be introduced to one of our Indian women, that chance has brought to this coun-

try

try. We are really, in the hands of the eternal, like the seed that a labourer sows, and the wind disperses on every side ! Adieu.

K 2

LET.

LETTER LXXVI.

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TO GLAZIR.

TWO young men of a genteel appearance met me whilst I was going on foot, according to the custom of this country, to my little hermitage. They conjured me to lend my assistance in forwarding their death, "For said they, with a seeming unconcernedness that absolutely astonished me, we are going to try who can kill the other with the greatest dexterity."

I consented



I consented to be the witness of their combat, at the same time, expressing a wish to know the cause of their disagreement. They were, at first, unwilling to give me satisfaction on this head, but, at length, told me that their quarrel related to a modest woman, whom it was necessary to requite with blood. I asked them gravely, if they would fight, in case this woman could be proved to have been liberal of her favours; and they replied "God forbid!"—In hopes therefore that delay might calm their fury, I proposed to them, before they proceeded to actual murder, to go and observe the

countenance of the lady in question; and I even went so far as to assert that I had sufficient reasons for the making of such a proposition. They imagined that I was acquainted with her, and instantly consented; but our journey did not, in the least, abate their choler. At length we arrived, and absolutely found the charmer drinking claret in the company of two clerks, with whom she appeared enchanted. Our two young gentlemen were thunderstruck; they fled to the staircase; and the lady—the virtuous lady—who was supposed to be dying with grief, was abandoned for ever.

The

The fury of the duellists now happily subsided; and they embraced me with all possible gratitude. "Alas, courteous stranger, said they, with tears in their eyes,—we were not afraid of dying; but we shuddered at the idea of cutting each other's throats, having been intimate friends, from our childhood."

We took a coach, and I carried them to my hermitage, where we supped together, and spent the evening most cordially,—I, charmed with having saved their lives, and they enchanted because they had not broken the bands of the most cordial friend-

ship. I gave them a little advice, which they received with effusion of heart.

This accident, I confess, has much affected me. France would have lost in these two young officers, a couple of heroes who will, one day, adorn and cherish her, with their courage and their talents. They invited me, yesterday, to dine with three of their friends, who gave me a thousand thanks. Alas ! my friend, if I had come to Paris only for the purpose of performing this good action, my journey had not been useless. The prescience of the eternal, according to our prophet, would have

expressly

expressly conducted me to the destined spot; and when we reflect that a man is come, even from India, to save the lives of two Frenchmen, we cannot help admiring that Providence whose impenetrable designs produce the most singular events!

K 5

LETI



**LETTER LXXVII.****TO GLAZIR.**

**TO** be followed by a couple of huge footmen; to receive from their hands a prayer book, taken from a velvet bag, fringed with gold; to have a privileged chapel; to rush through the crowd, preceded by livery servants; to arrive in the midst of a congregation which has been disturbed in order to give place; to hear a fashionable discourse pronounced by a fashionable priest;—

is

is to have the devotion of a woman of quality. To stand humbly and unobserved at the church door, in a neat and simple dress, is to have the piety of a bourgeoisie !

Now tell me freely and candidly to which of these two devotions thou wouldst give the preference ? It seems the latter is not without its merit, but of what importance is the virtue of a plebeian ?

Preachers, in this city, endeavour as much as possible to allure duchesses to their sermons ; for their discourses are almost all adapted to the

frivolousness of the present fashions. They are composed of far fetched phrases, a loose and rambling style, and a sort of poetry reduced to prose. In these amphibolous sermons every subject is handled. Politics, matters relating to the treasury, fashions, the publications of the day, all come into play in their turns, and are all set off by theatrical declamation, and studied gesture. But what I am most surpris'd at is, that although these dervises preach to christians, they are continually offering fresh arguments to prove the truth of christianity, which has subsisted during so many ages. This really looks as if they were not sure of their ground.

I, for

I, for my own part, have gathered nothing from their discourses but invectives against free-thinkers who never come to hear them ; and objections which they believe they have conquered, but which only serve to plant doubts and fears in the minds of their hearers.

I was making these remarks when a sensible man informed me that the late king of Sardinia thought in the same manner. Happening to hear a preacher, who came from Paris, endeavouring to defend religion, he said to him, " I am astonished that you should take such pains to prove these truths to persons

sons

Yons who already believe them; especially after they have been preached for such a number of years. I command you never again to discuss such questions; for your sermons alone are enough to create infidels, although, at present, I have not a single unbeliever in my kingdom."

Sermons are here sold at all prices, like any other sort of merchandize; and it lately happened that two divines who had dealt with one author, preached the same sermon in the same church; one at ten o'clock in the morning, and the other at six in the evening. It was concluded, reasonably enough, by the  
congre-



congregation that neither had composed his own discourse. The preachers in high wrath, repaired to the house of the vender, in order to load him with reproaches; but he silenced them at once by saying, "If you had paid me four Louis d'ors for your sermon, you would have been sure of having a new and an elegant composition; but so long as you continue to give me but twelve livres, you will receive nothing but what is hacknied and trifling."——  
**Adieu!——**

**LET**

**LETTER LXXVII.**

**SOLIMA TO ZATOR.**

O! my friend, my only friend, what art thou doing at this moment? I have just embraced thy tender infants:—they are in a profound sleep:—the whole family is retired to rest, and I only am waking! — — — — —

The night is infinitely more suited to meditation than the day; because

we

we can muse upon the absent, undisturbed by noise; uninterrupted by the sight of objects that snatch us from ourselves !

I protest to thee that darkness, to me, is clearer than light; for in the bosom of darkness I can perceive thy image, and it is then and only then that my love, my tender love embraces my dearest husband !

Yes, soul of my soul, I often rise at midnight, to think of thy virtues. May they always surround thee !— for thou canst not have a better guard.

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—When

— — When I write to thee I act as  
 secretary to all thy wives. They flock  
 around me to follow with a greedy eye,  
 the traits of my pen, which are the  
 movements of my heart ! I am asto-  
 nished myself at the violence with  
 which my heart bounds at every thought  
 I transcribe ; but is it not the place  
 whence my pen takes every sentence ?

Never could I have believed that it  
 was possible to love to such an excess.  
 I am convinced that it would not be  
 believed in the country where thou  
 now residest. In Paris love is said  
 merely to glance upon hearts, and then  
 to pass away like a zephyr !

I am

I am afraid to mention our dear Zabuc.—He died as I wish to die—full of resignation to heaven, and attachment to thee.

Do not forget to bring me the novelties that I formerly requested. If thou shouldst stay much longer, they will be out of fashion before I receive them, particularly if what I have heard respecting Paris be true. They tell me that it changes every three months in such a manner as not easily to be known again. A stranger who had lived in it four years, returned after an absence of five more, and recognised neither the court, the ministers, the manners, the buildings,



buildings, the walks, nor the streets.  
Every thing had been transformed !

Stretch forth thy hand, that I may  
kiss it a thousand and a thousand times.  
—Oh ! that thy apparition would, at  
least appear before my eyes !



LET.

## LETTER LXXIX.

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TO GLAZIR.

I ENDEAVOUR as much as possible, to become acquainted with Paris. The other day, chance threw me into a house where the *beau monde* arrived almost incessantly; and, by good fortune, I seated myself close by a man who was inordinately fond of talking, and who appeared to be conversant with a thousand private anecdotes respecting his countrymen.

May I be permitted to ask you, said I to him, respectfully, the quality of that lady who affects such haughtiness in her conversation and deportment?

“ She is a woman, he replied, who, fifteen years ago, would not have been received into company, on account of her mean origin ; but having lately married a lord, she has assumed all the silly importance of pride and opulence. By this kind of behaviour she thinks she shall erase the remembrance of her former lowliness ; instead of which, she only increases the number of her enemies, who do not fail to remind her of her pedigree.”

And

And that huge fat man, that blows and stretches himself in yon elbow chair?

“ He is a man who will die of indigestion ; for it is not necessary to talk of the *life* of such a being, who lives only to eat.”

I was struck with the grotesque figure of this person, who seemed to be the picture of dulness and stupidity ; and I had a desire to know his rank, particularly as he spoke in a different tone and manner from other people.

—“ He is an academician, replied my companion, which you would easily have

have known, had you not been a stranger."

A little lean man now arrived, who talked of nothing but himself; except when he alluded to others by way of ridicule. I was informed that he had lately been in Italy whence he imported his teasing impertinence; that he was an author who had written three bad poems in his life-time; and that these works had made him so arrogant that he would not submit to be contradicted. He asked questions of every body, but never waited for a reply. I had observed this strange sort of conduct, and therefore when he interrogated



gated me, I made him no answer. He bent his brows, bit his lips, and appeared to be stupefied; mean-while his confusion afforded me infinite amusement.

I now perceived a well-dressed man, whom I took for a principal courtier. "He appears at court sometimes, said my intelligencer, but both his fortune and existence depend upon gaming. To-day he is superbly habited, to-morrow, perhaps, he will be without a coat. Wading through every vicissitude of fate, and alternately experiencing happiness and misery; sometimes he aspires

to greatness, and sometimes sinks to the very verge of suicide."

And that agreeable lady, whose eyes are so charmingly provoking?

"She is a circular letter addressed to all travellers; and you may procure a perusal of her whenever you please. It is true, she is a woman of quality, but this title does not make her more wise than her neighbours." — — —

I must break off.—My windows, unlike those of India, are situated next the street, and I am interrupted by a  
confused

confused and everlasting din. People are here in the habit of crying every thing through the public ways, inso-much that even the pin-merchant proclaims his merchandize. These cries compose one continued yell, or inarticulate noise, that commences at break of day, and continues till dinner-time.

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I spent my time yesterday at the *Palais Royal*, where I was casually placed among a group of ladies and gentlemen who supported a rational conversation, respecting good manners and noble sentiments. “ Do not deceive yourself, said one of my friends, to whom I expressed my admiration, as he acci-

dentally passed by,—nobody talks more frequently of honour than impostors, of virtue than women of the town, of probity than knaves! An adventurer has often exhausted the credit of twenty merchants, and emptied the purses of a dozen friends, by saying that he never borrowed. It is astonishing how craft and subtilty find means of procuring money.—A few years ago, a man sent a certificate of his marriage to some money-lenders whom he intended to dupe, and another of his burial to several creditors whom he wished to elude. The two certificates, dated on the same day, fell into the hands of the same person, and you may  
guess

guess what surprize and confusion they produced."

Notwithstanding the vigorous imagination of our countrymen, an Indian could never have formed such a design.



## LETTER LXXX.

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TO GLAZIR.

I ENTER the house of a friend while every body is talking of an event that engages public attention ; I pass on to another, and find the same effervescence upon the same subject. I repair to the *Palais Royal*, where a universal murmur informs me that all the world is acquainted with the news : I make various visits,—every place resounds with the same intelligence, and it is impossible

impossible to drop a word upon any other topic. Alas ! the very next day this adventure is grown a dozen years old !—It is spoken of no more,—it is entirely forgotten,—and the most insipid trifles succeed to an event that seemed to be immortal. Such is Paris !

An unknown lady appears in the public promenades. She has the figure of a nymph, the face of a goddess, and the smile of angel. She is surrounded, admired, and followed. Those who have seen her, felicitate themselves on the occasion, and are anxious to see her again,—yet, wonderful to tell ! a

few days afterwards, they hardly deign to fix their eyes on the enchantress. Such are the Parisians !

“ When will that charming book be published ? Where will it be sold ? An age has passed since it was first announced ! ”——The book at last appears,——It is purchased with eagerness, a few pages of it are partially read, and then, in order to give place to some insignificant pamphlet, it drops into oblivion ! Such is the enthusiasm of this country !

With respect to myself, I am much amused by this caprice ; for I love a  
people

people that shew themselves under different aspects, much better than a gloomy and stagnant nation.

L 5

LET-

LETTER LXXXI.

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TO GLAZIR.

I HAD, yesterday, a brisk contestation, although I am not fond of disputes, with a military officer, who lavished the title of *great man* upon all authors that have excelled in prose or poetry.

I told him fairly that I was only an Indian, perhaps no more than a barbarian in his eyes,—but that, agreeably

to



to the instinct that I had received from my Creator, I dared to sustain that he who made good verses was not a great man, but merely a great poet ; that an advocate who composed sublime discourses was nothing but a great orator ; that a musician (Gluck himself) was only a great musician ; and that even the conqueror, who overstepped the boundaries of justice and moderation, possessed nothing that characterised greatness.

“ The great man, in my eyes, said I, is he who saves his country, or enlightens it—not by works of wit, but by unalterable laws.”

Many that heard us, were of my opinion, lamenting that inferior writers were in the habit of distributing titles at random, without knowing whether or no they would be allowed by posterity. A great magistrate, a great minister, a great general, a great king, —these are the great men to whom the earth ought to offer incense.

As benevolence is allied to greatness of soul, it cannot be doubted that a man with a disposition to relieve the unfortunate, whether he build hospitals or deliver prisoners from captivity, is *a great man*, because he is the hero of humanity. Every individual in the  
world

world ought to pay a tribute to his country ; some by their talents, others by their virtues. When wit gives its contribution, without doubt, it merits praise, but not sufficiently so to gain the distinguished title in question.

It should be said of Corneille *he was a man*, of Henry IV. *he was a great man*. There are shades between men of eminence, as between flowers ; the epithet *superb* that is given to the rose, is not bestowed upon the violet.

Thou findest, my friend, that I have sometimes the temerity to sustain arguments

ments even in a city like Paris. But I firmly believe it has often been said by my opponents—"How, the devil, should, an Indian understand these matters."——Adieu——

L<sup>Y</sup>ET.

## LETTER LXXXII.

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TO GLAZIR.

MY leisure is occupied with walking. I frequently visit the four public promenades that embellish this capital. To-day I view the Thuilleries, which really enchant me ; to-morrow the *Palais Royal*, which amuses me ; the day after, the Luxembourg, which inspires me with sad and melancholy ideas ; and the day after that, the king's garden, with which I am much interested.

While



While I ramble among the plants, I find myself in a land of knowledge, for even the labourers that water them are botanists !

This spot is particularly adapted to reflection. I was walking near some cedars, whose towering branches reminded me of mount Libanus, when a handsome young man accosted me, and begged my attention to what he was going to relate. Copious streams of tears served as a preface to his narrative, and I suffered them to flow on, being yet a stranger to the motive that enforced them. He told me that he came from La Trape, a monastery of dervises,

dervises, who hold an eternal silence. His sighs cut short his words, inso-much that I could hardly understand what he said. At length however I learnt that he had fled from the resentment of one of the fathers who was inflamed against him; that he had no asylum whither he could fly for refuge, nor the least means of subsistence; that he had placed a confidence in me, because he knew I was a stranger, and therefore hoped I should be able to afford him consolation.

I gained his esteem in a short time. A few words, extracted from the bottom of my soul, opened his heart, and  
 he

he acknowledged that the habit he wore was not his own,—that *she* (for I must now use the feminine gender) had disguised her sex to avoid a prison; and that her misfortunes proceeded from a firm resolution of marrying a young man that had been proposed to her as a husband, by her father, who had retracted his proposal in consequence of a tragical event which had lately taken place.

And who is this husband, said I, that occasions your torment?

Alas, she replied, I dare not inform you, on account of his situation. He  
was

was born a gentleman, and has a thousand excellent qualities; but his father has been executed on a public scaffold, for the dreadful crime of murder.

I shuddered!—It was impossible to stifle her love; and if I had conducted her to her father, he would have killed her without remorse. While I was musing within myself on the means of affording her assistance, the young man joined us. The tears stood in his eyes, and under a downcast and desponding air, I could discover a countenance noble and generous. “For these fifteen days past, said he, the companion

panion of my misfortunes and myself have watched an opportunity of finding you alone. We have been told by those who have the happiness to approach you, that you have an elevated soul, and a tender heart. Through your means therefore we wish to be conveyed to India, in order to place the wide ocean between her father and ourselves; for if his anger should not then be appeased, at least we shall be secure from its rigours. The young lady's rank is conspicuous, and mine would have been the same, had not my unhappy father, and consequently his family, been degraded."

In



In pronouncing these words, he tore his hair, and I stood in need of the most powerful eloquence to console him. We wept all three, when, lifting my eyes towards heaven, I said to them, behold this proof of my sincerity, and of the part that I take in your calamities. A lucky idea has struck me,—I will myself go in search of mademoiselle's father, and persuade him to favour the union privately, assuring him at the same time, that I will undertake to conduct you to India, where, in a country so far removed from Paris, you will be able to procure a military employment; and where ye may both  
live

live unknown if all you have told me be truth.

No sooner had I finished speaking than they threw themselves at my feet, kissed my hands, and watered them with their tears. I gave them some gold for their present subsistence, on condition that the young female should be introduced, under a borrowed name, to a lady of my acquaintance, with whom she should remain concealed till the moment the project could be put into execution. That very evening she retired to the house of the lady in question, who is a woman of the strictest honour and virtue.

Well,

Well, my dear Glazir, what sayest thou to the revolutions of human life?  
—Another good work!—We are placed here for the purpose of doing good, and we ought not to be tired of the employment. Adieu!—Thou shalt know the result of this adventure.

LET-

## LETTER LXXXIII.

MADemoiselle DE \* \* \* \* \*

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TO ZATOR.

IS it possible, too generous sir, that you can interest yourself with so much ardour, for an unfortunate female who has had the good fortune to see you but once? How unlike is such conduct to our French manners which have been corrupted by egotism, and whose least blemish is inconsiderateness!

My grief has changed its object,—I now shed only tears of gratitude. I have pleaded my cause at the tribunal of your heart, and I stand acquitted. An excellent young man, in every respect my equal, was proposed—nay, introduced to me by my father. I was inflamed, heaven knows, much less by his figure, than by his mind and virtues; and my family were enchanted to see me happy. A dreadful misfortune, with which you are already acquainted, in the mean while came, and overthrew all my fond designs.—Here, I will confess to you, I sink under my miseries:—was there ever a situation so wretched as mine? Is it then the fault



of my future husband if a cruel and unexpected event has, in a single moment, changed his destiny : and should I not be the most weak and contemptible of human beings if, on this account, I were to withdraw my affections ? Besides, the die is cast,—I cannot avoid loving him, and he is a thousand times dearer to me on account of his misfortunes. It was in vain that I expressed a desire to be buried with him in some little asylum, situated at the extremity of the kingdom, and hidden in the midst of some unfrequented wood, where we could only see the light of the stars, and of the sun. My father was inflexible.—

From that very moment, he held me so much in aversion, that his sole aim was to shut me up in a dungeon; nor did he follow my unfortunate lover with less fury. No retreat was sheltered from his researches.—

In this terrible crisis, all trembling as I was, I procured a disguise, and fled to the convent of La Trape, where I spent eleven months, but where I could no longer continue, being unwilling either to make a mockery of religion, or to contract a fresh engagement, when I had pledged my faith to one whom I am still determined to make my husband in spite of every possible

consequence. I shall be disherited; I shall be deprived of my rank and consequence, but I shall still retain my affections, and the consolation of having fulfilled my duty. I shall live by the labour of my hands, and procure a livelihood for the youth that I tenderly love. He has none of the vices of the age: he loves study; his manners are of gold, his character is excellent, and, at a time when religion is despised, he respects and practises its ordinances.

This is my general confession.—I tremble till I arrive in a place of safety.

If

If you were a Frenchman, illustrious stranger, I should suspect your sincerity. But you are an Indian, formerly a subject of the great Hyder Alli, and at present of his generous son Tipoo Saib,—those two sovereigns that have exalted the souls of their people.

My fortune is in your hands,—heaven itself has placed it there ; for only through inspiration could I have invoked your assistance ! I shall die daily till I am re-united with him whom I adore. Since our persecution he has enlisted for a soldier, but the

M 3

colonel,



colonel, who is acquainted with his misfortunes, and who loves him as his own son, will grant him a discharge at a moment's warning.

Oh ! that we were both in the arms of death ! then would our ashes be covered by the same tomb, on which might be engraven the ardour of our loves, and an abridgement of our sad history. Excuse the length of this letter :—it resembles my unfortunate passion, to which there is no end !

The lady with whom you have placed me, partakes of your humanity.

Her



Her bounty of soul, and elevation of  
sentiment render her celestial.

If it be possible, may heaven pre-  
serve your life for ages yet to come !

M 4

LET-

## LETTER LXXXIII.

To GLAZIR.

IN order to lose all remembrance of a noisy and disdainful society to which my evil stars had introduced me, I went yesterday to spend the day with one of those city parties which are always rendered extremely agreeable by a natural freedom and unreservedness.

We embarked upon the Seine to the sound of musical instruments, and pro-

ceeded

ceeded up the river till we came to a delightful villa, whose principal attractions were neatness, simplicity and commodiousness. Through gardens which seemed to possess all the natural beauties of fields, we walked to the dwelling-house. The hosts, who were full of candour, and worthy the honour of having drawn their first breath in the good city of Paris, as it is called by the kings of France, received me most graciously. “ That we may render every thing agreeable to you, said they, we will spend the day as it is spent in India. Shall we sit down to dinner upon chairs or carpets? We are ready to comply with your directions.” Just

at this moment arrived a company of lovely women, and gaiety instantly pervaded the whole house. Every individual assumed a chearful countenance, and while dinner was prepared, some danced on the grass, others rambled through the groves and gardens; a third party tried their skill in angling, and it really seemed as if the most beautiful fishes in the river suffered themselves to be caught, for the purpose of heightening our diversion. The gentlemen gathered nosegays for the ladies, from parterres covered with a profusion of flowers; and, in order to join the simple with the agreeable, they resorted to a neighbouring meadow that

was



was filled with blooming and odoriferous herbs. Each crowned his mistress with a garland composed of these sweet scented materials, and we dined, enveloped with perfumes, under spreading branches, adorned with flowers.

The alcoran seemed to be written on every bottle to warn me from drinking; but I was left to my own discretion in this respect, nor did any one attempt to make me the subject of pleasantry. We spoke by turns, and laughed all together; and the most agreeable catches, glees, and simple airs, gave a zest to the banquet. The wines circulated in abundance till we were sup-



plied with coffee by the daughter of our host, who appeared less a mortal than a beautiful fairy or goddess. And now each began to tell his tale, which, as all tales ought to be, was extremely short. I was desired in my turn to give a description of our Indian revels. While I was speaking, I observed that the lady of the house, by the most significant looks, imposed a general silence; for in France it is hardly possible for a man to speak without being interrupted.

At length we romped and sported with all the frankness and innocence of children. There are little French games which

which I wish to introduce among our women, because they always drive away melancholy. We ran backwards and forwards, describing a thousand romantic figures; and this continual movement kept us all at bay, and excited the most lively merriment.

The pleasures of the chase now changed the scene. A kind of small deer, known by the name of rabbits, sprang in abundance from a little bushy wood, and the company were emulous of shewing their skill and address in killing them. From the branches over our heads,—for we had gained permission to hunt in one of the king's pleasure

pleasure grounds—we culled delicious grapes and fruits of every kind. We stretched ourselves upon the grassy turf till night began to distribute its shades, when we retired to the mansion. Here we found card-tables prepared for those that were fond of play, and seats for such as preferred conversation.

The hour of supper was announced by a band of music, when we withdrew to a delightful saloon, where we partook of a light and exquisite collation. I would have defied all the societies in the world to have been better entertained. It is true, we had neither lords nor witlings among us.—We drank  
 healths,

healths, a custom indeed that has lately  
 been exploded, and as soon as we had  
 quitted table, we formed ourselves into a  
 circle for the purpose of relating histo-  
 ries of fairies and apparitions. "This is a  
 Gothic amusement, said the master of  
 the house, but we are pleased with it,  
 and I have remarked that people were  
 much more animated than at present,  
 when they believed in ghosts and fairies.  
 For my own part, I have frequently  
 imagined that I saw a spectre entering  
 the room to bring me news from  
 the other world, or some benevo-  
 lent fairy, that was going to conduct  
 me to an enchanted palace. Since  
 those times of good fellowship, our  
 pleasures



pleasures have been trifling and monotonous. Nothing will please in our days but wit, and our wit is too sparkling to be amusive. Formerly our midnight assemblies were excessively interesting, because they produced tales of wonder and delight, and kept the attention of the company awake. Now, the preference is given to a tiresome listlessness. Without a book in our hands, we are afraid even to speak. If there be not a set of academical phrases at our tongue's end, we are deemed unworthy of holding a conversation."

We returned to Paris in a boat illuminated by flambeaux, while our oars beat



beat time to violins. Our hosts made me promise to return at some future day. "We have neither titles, said they, nor immense wealth, but we have the presumption to believe that we can entertain you better than many of the nobility, whose pride and ambition are obstacles to every amusement. Here we love one another cordially, we admire sincerity and plain-dealing, we esteem innocence,—and if justice be still upon the earth, we hope she is not estranged from our habitations."

In Paris, my dear friend, as in all other places, a man that would learn the manners of the country should see  
every

every different class of people. He who frequents only the houses of noblemen will find nothing that is natural, while he who visits the inferior orders will view nature in her dishabille.

LET

**LETTER LXXXIV.**

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**ZATOR TO MADEMOISELLE DE \*\*\*\***

**M**Y soul burned with a desire to oblige you, after the hints you gave me, the day before yesterday, respecting the character of your father, and the disposition of your family. I waited upon him in the true Indian fashion; he received me with dignity, and I spoke the language of truth herself. I represented to him the danger of his wrath and obstinacy, and the advantages  
of

of a reconciliation. He listened to me with much attention, and at length consented that you should be indissolubly united with the object of your desires, and that, after receiving your portion, you should set sail with me immediately for India.

I shall say nothing of the obstacles I had to surmount before this desirable point could be effected. My difficulties are of no sort of consequence since the victory is ours. — — —

Your father will call at my little hermitage at eight o'clock this evening, whither you are desired to repair with  
your

**your future husband. In the mean  
while I will see and congratulate you  
both.**

**Return thanks to heaven :—for to  
Heaven alone you both owe your pre-  
servation.**

**LET.**



**LETTER LXXXV.**

**TO SOLIMA, NERISA, AND PALMYRA.**

**THE** present letter is addressed to you all ; and ye will all receive it as a testimony of my love. The time approaches when I shall have the inexpressible pleasure of rejoining you, and this reunion will be the perfume of my life, the enchantment of my soul, and the triumph of my heart !

Ye

Ye may judge, by my expressions of gladness, whether or no I have forgotten the partners of my bed. Paris is in my memory, but ye are all mingled with my existence! I shall not return to you under the form of a philosopher, nor under the figure of a coxcomb, for I have seen such personages only to abhor them. But I shall present myself before you with all the simplicity of a man frank and loyal, who tells you, in the sincerity of his heart, that he loves you, and whose only ambition is to render you happy.

Prepare your ears to hear a recital of trifles, simplicities, and agreeable things;

things; for the good city of Paris  
unites all extravagancies.

Embrace my dear children, and im-  
plore without ceasing the favours of  
heaven;—it is there that the great  
sovereign resides, who governs Europe,  
the Indies, and every country in the  
world. Adieu.

LET-

**LETTER LXXXVL****TO GLAZIR.**

**"PERHAPS,** said a lawyer, with whom I lately conversed, our civil laws are the best in the world. The ordinance of 1664, made by Louis XIV. is a master-piece of legislation which no man has ever charged with a single fault. But as to our criminal laws, they are insupportable;—they were made at a time when men who, had not yet emerged from barbarism, commit-



ted the grossest enormities,—when those who had their share of virtue, too austere in their manners, imagined that they could not proceed against criminals with too much fury and resentment. As the present generation however is more softened and polished, a reform of the criminal code is indispensably necessary. In short, we ought to borrow the criminal laws of the English, and, in return, give them our civil precepts, of which they stand in the utmost need, this branch of their justice being wretchedly administered.”

He added that the French had too many laws and ordinances; that the English



English claimed the superiority in this respect, for which reason transgressions were much less frequent in England than in France.

We agreed before we parted, that it would be in vain to reform or correct statute-books; that the world would never be perfect; and that we ought to be contented with it as it is, because we cannot make another that will please us better.

**LETTER LXXXVII.****TO GLAZIR.**

**I** AM just returned from London where I have passed fifteen days. This city seems to be the antipodes of Paris, notwithstanding the eagerness of the Parisians and Londoners to steal each other's fashions. I have observed the fogs of the Thames on the faces of the English, and the colours of the rainbow amidst the fogs of the Seine. Such is the difference between the two na-

tions.

tions. Here people speak only by monosyllables :—while they are at table they make a confused noise that no mortal can understand, and the louder they hollow, the greater is their diversion. The streets are superb, the houses ordinary. We meet with neither palaces nor hotels, but we are as much *at home*, as at Paris we are neglected.

The proceedings of parliament are always ready to excite commotions. The greatest noblemen in spite of that English liberty which is extolled with so much emphasis, frequently sell themselves to the court for money. Some of their laws are worthy of the golden

N 3

age,

age, others call loudly for reformation. The liberty of citizens is held sacred, and, were it otherwise, the people would take justice into their own hands; they are the sovereigns of London, and it is only by copying them that the Parisians sometimes abandon themselves to the most dangerous excesses.

This city contains more inhabitants than Paris; but, as it is a stranger to French hilarity, it appears less animated. Its promenades are without embellishment, for which reason a Londoner never walks till he is attacked by a consumption.

Women



Women are as submissive here as they are arrogant at Paris. Their husbands keep them in a kind of continual slavery ; the superintendence of their houses constitutes the whole of their amusement. It is astonishing how a hundred leagues of distance changes the manners : Paris and London almost touch each other, and yet they are absolutely two different worlds!

I have not been followed as at Paris. The Londoners are far from being curious;—the disdain they affect for every thing that is not English renders them inattentive to strangers. They apply themselves almost incessantly to



the arts and sciences; they learn the French language for the purpose of not speaking it, and travel into France with a previous determination never to love a Frenchman. Levity is not their characteristic, and yet no nation in the world is fonder of change.

England was formerly generous, but she has lately become fashionable, and is now only liberal through ostentation!

LET.

## LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO GLAZIR.

**W**HILE I was in London, an English lady told me that one of her uncles had lately gained an immense fortune in India. A venerable old man having told him that a great treasure was hidden, according to an ancient tradition, in a certain place, he repaired thither in great haste, and after having rummaged for three days and three nights,

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found

found an iron coffer charged with the following inscription in Arabic:

“Whoever thou art that hast found this accumulated riches, take it!—

It belongs to thee on these special conditions,—Thou shalt give a portion of it to the sun, and another to the moon.”

The coffer was filled with gold, and jewels of inestimable value. The inscription embarrassed the poor uncle, who had a timorous soul. He consulted several Indians who informed him that, by the sun he ought to under-

understand men who were luminous by means of their learning, but who unfortunately remained in indigence; and by the moon, those secondary men of science that shone only with a borrowed light.

Rather than go to the moon in search of an explication, he adopted this; and divided a third part of the treasure among the persons that had been destined to receive it, by the oracles of the country.

**LET.**



## LETTER LXXXIX.

TO GLAZIR.

**I** SHOULD have quitted Paris, at last, without tasting of real voluptuousness, had I not been prevented in my design by a combination of favourable circumstances. It was a woman that detained me; and I will confess to you that she was irresistible. After having described the place whither she was going, she took me by the hand, and compelled me to follow her. We entered



tered a little alley, and ascended a stair-case that conducted us to a chamber that was exposed on all sides to the wind and rain. It was there that I perceived the shade of a man—for disease and indigence had reduced him to a spectre—lying upon straw by the side of his daughter, who was giving him a spoonful of wine that she had bought at the risk of being herself destroyed with hunger. He fixed upon me his dying eyes, which extremely affected me.—I should have wept had I not held in my hand something which I knew would console these two miserable objects.

The

The daughter, after having explained the cause of her misery,—after having told me that her mother, who was seventy years old, had, with much pain and difficulty, crawled down stairs in order to entreat the baker to lend her a loaf,—was suddenly deprived both of speech and motion on seeing me throw down twelve pieces of gold on the straw bed. Presently, however recalling her senses, she cried, “My dear parent, do you see the angel that God hath sent from heaven to preserve you from death?”

The mother now entered, who announced that she had been unsuccessful;

ful; observing that since Providence had refused them nourishment, they ought to die without murmuring.—

“ Alas said I, to myself, are rags a proper covering for such sentiments?”

Just at this moment she fixed her eyes upon me, and the tears that were occasioned by surprise and hope called forth mine, especially when the mother and daughter talked of the succours I had brought them.

“ Ah sir, said the miserable woman, since you are so charitable, leave us, I beseech you, two crown pieces, for we are terrified at the sight of so much gold.

Should

Should the commissary visit us he will think we have stolen it.—Alas, kindest of strangers, she continued, you were, without doubt, born at a great distance from this city :—our unfeeling neighbours never bestow their money upon the unfortunate.”

I removed their fears by declaring that the sum I had given them was lawfully their own, and that they ought to use it as blessing from heaven. After promising to return within a few days, I made my escape.

**L.E.T.**



## L E T T E R X C.

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TO GLAZIR.

**T**O go, or not to go?—shall I quit Paris in the moment of such an interesting epocha? Inquiries and extracts are every where made, and every individual studies and scrutinizes antiquity, in order to find laws and examples, that may serve as patterns of imitation to the National Assembly,—that august and magnificent senate whose terrestrial stars, if I may be allowed the expression,



**expression, eclipse the stars of the firmament with their superior lustre !**

**Be not surprised, my dear friend, if I should suspend my return till the conclusion of this memorable event.**

**The oftener you read my letters the more you will be convinced that Paris is a city where the lightest manners are opposed to the noblest ideas ; where trifles acquire the strongest consistency ; where the fool becomes a wit, the frivolous writer a man of consequence ; where fortunes are gained and lost as suddenly as reputations ; where the coxcomb, delighted with his own person,**

son, is eternally before your eyes; where  
 books that are brought forth in the  
 morning are buried and forgotten be-  
 fore the setting sun.

Remember that in sketching the  
 manners of Paris, I have painted those  
 of France in general.—Adieu.—

F I N I S.

for, is eternally before your eyes; where  
books that are bought for the  
morning are laid out for the afternoon.



Remember that in addition to  
manuscripts of Latin I have printed these

of France in general—Adieu—

F. I. M. I. S.